

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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No. 4.

SUMMER WEATHER.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Across the fields of ripening grain
The smiles of summer light are glancing,
And on the river's silver breast
The shadows of the trees are dancing.
As on the chanting waters flow,
The lilies dream, and sigh, and quiver,
And dip their snowy finger-tips
Into the sweetly singing river.

The humming-birds, in rainbow sheen,
Drink nectar from the fragrant clover,
And from the vale the meadow-lark
Is calling for her truant lover.
The summer skies, and river's song,
And music of the woodland thrushes,
Recall the hour when first I kissed
From my love's cheek the tell-tale blushes.

Heaven bless the time our vows were given
To walk the path of life together,
Through autumn shades and wintry storms,
And dreamy bliss of summer weather.
The stars bore witness to our pledge,
And bowed their crowns of golden glory,
As though 'twere something new to hear,
From lover's lips, the old, old story.

Full twenty years have come and gone,
And brought us tears as well as pleasure.
What matters it? I still possess
My purest, dearest, only treasure.
Sighs thrushes! let your songs and mine,
Blended in union together,
Rehearse the sweetness of to-day,
The splendor of this summer weather.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWO
WOMEN," ETC.

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dealers throughout the United States, or direct
from this office.]

CHAPTER IV.

DESPAIR.

When Herbert Benson recovered consciousness he was lying on the damp turf, and alone. It must have been a long interval, for the gray, cold dawn was breaking over Lansdown Hill, and the birds were chirruping gaily. The shock of Mr. Lowe's communication must have been severe, indeed, to have produced such an effect upon a strong man like Herbert, who, in all his life long, could never remember having fainted before.

He crawled to his feet, and looked about him drearily. He had a feeling of great weakness and oppression, but, so far, he could not recollect why. Finally, the tide of painful memories set in, and burying his head in his hands, he sobbed like a child.

"Poor Milly!" he sighed; "and the worst of it is, she must never know, or the horror would kill her. I must try and wean her love from me utterly, and allow her to believe that I have become a shameless reprobate suddenly. This is my only chance, and so good-bye to happiness, and honor, and domestic joys. The more wicked I grow, the better for her."

He rose, and gloomily and slowly wended his way homeward. When he came to a little cottage at the end of the road, he paused and knocked.

"Come in!" said a shrill, aged voice; and Herbert entered.

A woman, bent nearly double with age, but with a shrewd face, and keen eyes, was stooping in front of the grate, blowing the fire she had just kindled into a warm blaze.

She turned as Herbert entered, and surveyed him with evident surprise.

"Dear heart! Master Herbert, what brings you here at this hour?"

"I wanted to ask you a few questions, Nanny."

"A hundred, if you like; only let me get my kettle on, first. I am a poor creature always, until I have a cup of tea. And maybe you'll take one with me? It will feel like old times, when I nursed you, Master Herbert, until, oftentimes, I was ready to drop."

"You were very good to me Nannie, I know."

"La! I looked on you as if you was my own, Master Herbert."

"I am sure you did; and I had no mother."

"Ah! your mother died in these very arms; and a sore heart she carried about with her for many a long day before, it's my thinking, though I never heard so much as a murmur pass her lips. She had a high spirit, and that kept her up, and made her smile, often when she was ready to cry; but I could see, if nobody else could, how heavy her trouble weighed on her. She died as quiet as a child going to sleep, and just as thankful for the rest."

"It was a pity I was ever born," said Herbert.

"Nay, my dear, don't say that."

"If I had died with her—"

The old woman turned sharp round, and looked at him keenly.

"Have you and Miss Milly had a quarrel?"

"No. What makes you think so?"

"You don't seem in the best of spirits this morning, Master Herbert, and I know that young folks, when they are courting, do have a tiff occasionally."

"Milly is a sweet, good girl," said Herbert, and shuddered convulsively as

the words passed through his trembling lips.

"Has she given you up, then?"

"There is not the smallest chance of our being married."

"The old man holds out still?"

"The old man is right, Nanny."

Nanny stared at him, as if she thought he must be dreaming.

"I thought you were so rancorous against him awhile back?"

"I am, still. I believe him to be a cold-hearted, cruel man—one who fawns over the rich, and despises the poor."

His voice was so full of pain, that the old woman wondered more and more, and her curiosity became uncontrollable.

"What is it that stands between you and Miss Milly, my dear?" she said.

"Nanny," said Herbert, fiercely, "will you swear to me that you know of nothing which should part us?"

"La! Master Herbert, what should part you, supposing Mr. Lowe was willing?"

"Don't put me off, Nanny. I am prepared for anything, and I would rather have the truth."

"But I don't know nothing to tell."

Nanny had her tea ready by this time, and poured him out a cup.

"You look right down bad, Master Herbert," she said, affectionately. "Do take a cup to warm you."

"I am not cold."

"Well, you are ill."

"Well, a little—"

"And there's something wrong, Master Herbert."

"There's a deal wrong; and the worst of it is, it can never be made right."

"Perhaps there's no need to trouble yourself, after all. Folks do tell such stories sometimes."

"But they don't speak ill of themselves, unless they are quite obliged."

"It depends," answered the old woman, shrewdly. "If there was something to be gained by blackening themselves, they might. As far as I'm concerned, I would rather take away any one else's character than my own."

Herbert was silent for a minute, and then he said:

"You remember my mother before she married, do you not?"

"Just as well as I remember myself."

"Now, Nanny, tell me, in truth, just as plainly as if I weren't her son, was she a good woman?"

"She was always good to me," answered old Nanny, evasively.

"Yes, yes; I don't mean that kind of goodness. Was she religious?"

"She went to church on Sundays."

"And led an upright life?" inquired her son, eagerly, and yet reluctantly, too.

"Well, if I am to speak the truth, there was nothing the matter with her, but her temper, and that was bitter."

Master Herbert. But, as I said before, she was always kind to me, and she'd had such troubles in her time, it wasn't much wonder she was rather sour."

"What troubles?" asked Herbert, under his breath.

"Well, disappointments, and so forth."

"Just as well as I remember myself."

"Ah!" said Herbert, in a stifled voice.

"And she didn't want Mr. Benson, no more than I wanted him, only her friends persuaded her it would be a good thing."

And then not being able to have the man she fancied, made her reckless like, and she took who she could get."

"Do you think Mr. Lowe ever cared for her?"

"Not he, Master Herbert, saving your presence. He is not the kind of a man to care for any one but himself, and never was."

"Nanny," said Herbert, slowly and hesitatingly, "do you think he would ever have married my mother?"

"Just as soon as he would have married me."

"Then you don't believe it was likely?"

The old woman laughed scornfully.

"He was just the last man in the world to do anything generous. He was willing enough to draw your mother on, making her think it would all come right; but he never meant to have her from the very beginning, you may be sure."

"I hate that man!"

"Well, Master Herbert, you aren't singular there. There's a many have said they wondered enough at his having such a pretty, gentle-spoken daughter as Miss Milly."

"Ah, poor Milly!"

"She's a sweet young woman, Master Herbert; and he'd be a lucky man who gets her—which man I hope will be yourself."

"Hush, Nanny; I can't bear it."

He wiped the great beads of perspiration from his forehead, and looked at her with dim eyes, imploringly.

"I didn't want to hurt you, dearie," said the old woman, who was truly attached to Herbert. "Drink another cup of tea, and we won't say anything more about Miss Milly."

"Thank you, Nanny; but I'll be getting home. My father will be wondering where I am."

"Haven't you seen him this morning, yet?"

"I haven't been home since yesterday evening."

"Where have you been, then?"

Herbert paused a moment. Was it some instinct that warned him not to speak, and whispered of the day when this answer would be brought up against him, and the reluctant words of old Nanny would condemn him. However this may be, the pause ended, and he spoke:

"I have been in Lansdown Wood."

"La! Master Herbert, what were you doing there in the middle of the night?"

"I did not mean to stay so long."

"You could have come away, then, couldn't you?"

"No."

"That sounds strange, too."

"There are a good many strange things in this world, Nanny."

"Ah, sure, you're right there."

"It would be strange to see me turn poacher, would it not?"

"Ay; not that there's much harm in it, though," added old Nanny, who, like most of her class, thought poaching a very light offence.

"That's what I shall come to."

"You?" And old Nanny chuckled as if it were an excellent joke.

"Why not?"

"Because you've got plenty at home."

"Haven't old Mark, too? And yet he is always out."

"Who told you that?"

"Everybody knows it."

"Everybody knows it," she answered, rather irritably. "For my part, I shall wait till he is caught, and then I shall believe it. Besides, he is a laboring man, and you are above that."

"Perhaps I am below it."

"Now, Master Herbert, you know it's ridiculous talking like that."

"Not at all. I warn you not to be surprised at anything you hear. I am nearly tired of my life, Nanny."

Old Nanny looked at him compassionately.

"I tell you what, dearie, things are often hard to bear at the time, but the pain goes off if you are patient. I dare say you feel very bad now, but you'll get over it."

Herbert shook his head.

"All the young folks think that," continued old Nanny. "When I laid my children in the grave, and only one was left me out of them all, and he far away, I thought that the sooner the Lord was pleased to take me the better; and yet, you see, I am well and hearty now, and willing to live as long as I can."

Herbert sighed as he said: "Such cases are terrible, no doubt; but if Milly were dead, I should grieve less than I grieve now."

"You don't know. There's no coming back from that land, Master Herbert."

The young man covered his eyes for a minute with his hand.

"I feel desperate," he said. "I wish some one would take my life, and make an end of me."

"There, be off home," said old Nanny, pettishly. "You talk so wicked you take all the flavor out of my tea."

"Good morning, Nanny."

"Good morning, Master Herbert; and I hope you will not be so disconsolate the next time you pay me a visit."

CHAPTER V.

THE GHOST.

"Whist! Nat," said old Mark, as he stood at the door examining the night, "can't you keep your tongue still a minute?"

Old Mark had conquered his scruples by this time. The shock of Flax's death and the vivid dream which had followed had sobered him for a few days, and made him almost decide to give up poaching. But, as day faded, this impression seemed to fade also, and night found him more eager than ever.

Flax's disappearance had been the talk of the village, but no one, somehow, seemed to think that he had been killed. Some—the spiteful women, who envied poor Mary Flax her fine, honest husband—declared that he had forsaken his wife and little ones, and gone abroad to rid himself of the burden of their maintenance.

Others said he was on a drinking bout in the neighboring town, and would creep home, stupefied, after he had slept off his intoxication.

Both of these assertions his widow emphatically negatived.

"I could trust my James anywhere and everywhere," she said. "I never had to be ashamed of him for a single minute ever since we married, and you won't make me believe he'd desert me and the children without a word. No, depend upon it, he has not fled play."

But what should have happened to him? asked a neighbor.

"There are plenty of poachers about," said Mrs. Flax, in a significant tone, "and my husband did his duty too well to be a favorite. I shall keep a good watch, you may depend, and if I find out anything, wee betide them, that is all."

And that night, when the clock had

struck twelve, Mrs. Flax fastened the door on her sleeping children, when she knew she could trust until daylight, and crept out into the darkness, closely wrapped in a thick black shawl.

At old Mark's cottage she paused, and crouching down into the shadow, listened and waited. Presently the door opened, and the old man stepped over the threshold and knitted his shaggy brow, as his eager eyes examined the night critically.

"I think it will do, Nat."

"Is Lansdown Wood safe, father?"

"You're a fool, Nat!" said old Mark, testily. "Who said anything about Lansdown Wood?"

The old man shuddered so violently as he spoke that the tree against which his hand rested shook its branches as if a sudden wind had passed by.

"No, no; not Lansdown Wood," he muttered. "There's more places than one."

"Only the game is scarce elsewhere, father."

"We must take our chance. Joe had a fine bag at Waverly Cother night."

"Not single."

"Don't you count for anything?" asked old Mark.

It was clear that his troubles hadn't improved his temper, for he spoke irritably enough. But, no doubt, Nat was accustomed to his father's sharp words, for he took it very quietly, simply saying:

"There's some snares at the edge of the wood; we had better look to them as we pass."

"You may."

It was Nat's turn to shudder now.

"Well, father, it's pretty dreary going about alone after what's happened."

"Hush!" hissed old Mark, backward, "I mean at this time. Not as I think anything of ghosts."

"I never see one, and I've been about a good deal at night, too. I was in the church-yard once when the clock struck twelve, and I thought about what folks tell as that is the ghosts' hour, and I can't say but what I felt rather queer for a bit, but nothing came of it. It was moonlight, and I could read the letters on the gravestones easy, and one I kept spelling over and over again, just to keep my mind busy."

"Which was that?"

"Sacred to the memory of James Flax."

There was a cry, a low, bitter wail, which Nat's groan of horror seemed to smother, for the old man never heard it.

"He turned on his son angrily."

"What's the matter now?"

"You said 'Sacred to the memory of James Flax,' father."

"Nay."

"But you did, as plain as I speak now. And he wasn't dead then."

Had it been lighter you would have seen old Mark's face change suddenly, and he clutched at the slender stalk of the tree in a kind of agony.

"But I, Nat!" he said, hoarsely. "That was old now, wasn't it? My mind is gone wrong a bit. Let's start. I shall be better when I'm at work."

It seemed like a voice inside you, father, speaking contrary to what you meant to speak," said the son, in an awed tone; "for you said it just as ready as you'd have said the proper thing."

"Maybe I did."

"And you was facing Lansdown Knoll at the very minute."

Old Mark turned upon him fiercely.

"Hold your tongue, you jachnapes! It seems as if you enjoyed your troubles, as you can't let 'em alone. What's the use of raking up old matters to make oneself uneasy?"

"It was you did it, father."

"Only unmeaning. I had no such thoughts, although the words came of themselves. Where's your bag?"

"Here."

"All right. Fill the flask; somehow I should be glad of something to keep my spirits up to-night."

"I fancied you wouldn't go out quite so soon again."

"Then you fancied wrong, you see. What's the use of keeping at home and nursing one's feelings?"

"No, only—"

"Perhaps you are afraid of the ghosts?" said old Mark, contemptuously.

"You'd better stay at home if you are, and let me go alone, for go I will. The keepers won't be quite as active to-night as usual, and I mean to make the most of my chance."

"Supposing we were caught?"

"You are a wretched coward!" said the old poacher, in a voice of stinging disdain. "I never knew what fear was at your age."

"Not I before, father; but it seems different somehow to-night."

"It's only different in being safer out than common. The keepers are busy looking for Flax, and won't be troubling us. We shall get a splendid bag if we look sharp."

The lad still hesitated, and the old man's patience began to tire.

"Come on, stay!" he said, sharply; "only make up your mind, one way or the other, at once, for I'm not going to wait any longer."

"You shan't go alone, father," said Nat, decidedly.

"Come along, then; there has been time enough wasted already."

Nat came to the door, with a sack slung over his shoulders, and the flask in his hand.

"The moon won't be up till morning," said old Mark; "but I hope we shall have done a good deal of business before that. Where's the key of the door; we had better lock it before we go. If any one should take a fancy to walk in, it mightn't be so pleasant."

Old Mark spoke eagerly, and his face began to glow with the keen excitement of the anticipated sport. Most of his disposition must have wide lands of their own, where they may gratify their tastes lawfully, otherwise they come to grief. Had he been a gentleman, he would have gone out for a good day's sport, in a legitimate way; come home at night to his dinner pleasantly stimulated, and lived and died a respectable member of society. But fate had placed him in such a position of life, that he could not gratify his tastes in a legitimate way. The consequence was that he became a poacher.

He could not shoot his own game, but he could shoot other people's, and that is what he certainly did without scruple. It seemed hard to him that he could not get what he wanted in a fair way—it seems hard to us all to be denied; but having no conscience, he managed to provide himself with some kind of consolation.

Nat had blown out the candle; but he reit it, and looked for the key of the door, whilst old Mark waited about impatiently. At last he found it, and joined his father.

The old poacher stepped out first; his son followed. The latter looked rather keenly from right to left as he proceeded, and suddenly he came to a sharp halt.

"Father," he whispered, shudderingly.

"Well?"

"Look there!"

He pointed with one trembling finger to a knot of trees near the house.

"What is it?"

"The ghost!"

The old man glanced anxiously in the direction indicated, and drew back trembling with fear.

A white, awful face, with luminous eyes, speckled the gloom with strange distinctness, and was turned straight towards father and son. The two men, instinctively, drew nearer to each other. Old Mark's voice was low and hoarse, and his lips were as white as snow.

"Nat, my lad, do you think that is Flax?" It is very like he looked when he lay dead."

"Let's go back, father."

"Nay; but we should have to pass it."

At this minute, solemnly and softly, the church clock struck twelve.

"Nat," whispered old Mark.

"Yes, father."

"I'd rather face a hundred keepers than that there."

"We'd better get back in-doors."

Old Mark was fairly cowed now, and his limbs were shaking under him.

"Somehow—I don't—fancy—"

"It's gone now," said the younger man, heaving a sigh of relief.

"Supposing it should come again just as we get opposite, Nat?"

"Then we must scud past as quick as we can."

"Only there's to unlock the door."

"I wish we'd left it open now, father."

"It's no use talking, lad," answered old Mark, whose manner had softened

considerably; "the best way is get it over."
They dashed forward, still close together. Not wrenched hold of the handle of the door, turned the key, with a shaking hand, and the two men were in the house.

"That is not," said Mark. "I never see the like of that, and I hope to goodness I never may again."

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTRODUCTION TO HIGH COMPANY.
The breakfast party at Oaklands Park included Lady Dacre; her son, a young man within years of his majority; Lady Clementina—the eldest—was a handsome, aristocratic-looking woman of about five and twenty; and pretty Lina, the pet of all.

Lord Dacre was out; but as he had always given orders that they should not wait for him, the meal commenced. Lady Dacre was just sweetening Lina's tea, with reference to her expressed desire for plenty of sugar, when his Lordship entered.

His brow was clouded, and instead of giving them a cheery greeting, as usual, he sat down without a word.

Lady Dacre glanced at him furtively from time to time, and seeing him so disturbed, waited for him to speak.

He drank half a cup of coffee, and eat a few mouthfuls, then his brows lightened a little, and the harassed expression of his face melted.

"Amelia," he said, turning to his wife, "Poor Flax has not been found."

"No?" And Lady Dacre looked surprised and pained, both. "What do you think has become of him?"

"I am almost afraid he has been killed."

"Killed? How?"

"By those rascally poachers."

"Surely, my dear, we have no one about here who would do such a thing?"

"I don't know. His disappearance is very mysterious. You remember old Mark?"

"Very well."

"He is the head of the gang, and he has lately been joined by a man named Joe Lay, a thorough ruffian, who would stand at nothing."

"Can't you catch old Mark, and give him a lesson?"

"If you could tell me how, my dear, I should be greatly obliged to you. I have been wanting to do that for a long while; but he is so cunning, it is quite impossible to get over him."

"Are you quite sure that your keepers are staunch?"

"I have always had reason to suppose so. Poor Flax was the best of the lot, though."

"I cannot help fancying he will be found, after all. Those kind of people often absent themselves when there is a fair, or anything of that sort in the neighborhood; and, after their wives have nearly gone mad from suspense, they come back as quietly as if nothing had happened."

"But Flax is not that kind of man, my dear."

"Still, he might have been led away."

"He might, but it is barely probable. He has always been so steady and well-conducted, and perfectly devoted to his wife and children."

"Only that one hears instances every day of men who have hitherto led an irreproachable life becoming suddenly perverted."

"True; but there has been no fair in the neighborhood for a long while."

"You don't think he could have joined the poachers?" suggested Lady Clementina.

"My dear, I really can't believe any harm of him if I try. It strikes me that the poor fellow has met with foul play."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Lina; "I shall never be happy at Oaklands again if you say that."

"My dear child, it is no use shutting our eyes to facts, or we can never remedy them. The best way always is to look an evil in the face bravely."

"But, poor Flax, papa! he was such a nice, good-natured-looking man, and he has such a sweet little girl called Mary."

"Then be kind to poor little Mary, Lina; for I am afraid she will need kindness."

"I can't believe but that I shall see his face again."

"We will have the wood searched from end to end this morning. I am only sorry that it was not done before; but I felt so positive he would return."

"Have you seen his wife?" Lady Dacre inquired.

"She was with me half an hour back."

"And what does she say?"

"She is quite certain that her husband has come to an untimely end; and I fancy, from her manner, that she well suspects some one connected with this mysterious affair."

"But she won't say who?"

"That would be rather dangerous, my dear, unless she had the proofs in her possession."

"Dangerous or not, I fancy I should be inclined to run that risk under similar circumstances."

"Which would be a greater proof of your affection than of your wisdom," said Lord Dacre, in a tone of indulgent irony; "since, by keeping your suspicions to yourself, you would throw the offender off his guard, and, very likely, make him betray himself. Mary Flax is right; and she seems to me to be an energetic, sensible person; intelligent and far-seeing. I was very much pleased by the way she spoke this morning."

"Does she seem much grieved, papa?" asked sympathetic Lina.

"Well, she is more excited than sorrowful, just now, my child. She feels that she has a great task before her, and nervous herself for it, evidently. She would waste her strength weeping, and, therefore, she will not weep. The reaction will be terrible when it comes; but, unless I have grossly misjudged her, she will not give way until she has found her husband, if he be living, or his destroyer, if he be dead."

"She must be a remarkable woman for her position in life," said Lady Clementina, rather arrogantly. "One hardly expects to find that firmness and self-control in her class."

"And why not?" put in her brother Wilfred, Viscount Oakland, speaking for the first time. "I was never taught that those were aristocratic virtues only."

"Still, you know, when one is educated by a certain standard."

"One becomes accomplished, lady-like, courteous, and all that kind of thing; but one does not necessarily become a woman of unbounded will, or firm principle," Wilfred went on.

"You have a better chance of it, any how."

"I don't see that."

"You know I never argue with you, Wilfred."

"But why should you not do so? With all my family, Clementina, you must own that I am strictly just."

"You are just to the peasant, at the expense of the poor."

"You mean in spite of the poor."

"Will you show us how to spend our habits?" said his sister, rather sharply, for the high-bred, calm Lady Clementina.

"The remedy is very simple; think of them more."

"I am sure Lina does nothing else but think of them. When I wake her to ride or drive with me on an afternoon, she is always going to see Mrs. Tice or Mrs. That, or Dame St-and-on. I don't pretend to be so philanthropic myself, and I detest going into poor people's cottages; one drags the edge of one's dress so terribly. Still, I give whatever she asks me for, when her allowance runs short."

"Which it very often does," laughed Lina.

"Then why don't you ask for more, my dear?" said Lord Dacre, looking at his younger daughter, with very loving eyes.

"Because, I have enough."

"For an ordinary young lady, perhaps, but not for a sister of mercy, as it seems my Lina has become."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Lina, blushing at his praise. "I am not a sister of mercy, or anything worthy of the name. I pity the poor dreadfully. I think it must be said to feel want and cold and neglect, and contrasting all this with my own lot, which is so bright and enviable, it is not to be wondered my heart beats for these poor creatures sometimes. Still, I do so little."

"According to Clementina's account, you do a great deal."

"Clementina is partial, you know, papa."

"Perhaps you will go and see Mrs. Flax this afternoon, my love?"

"I had meant to do so, papa, even if you had not asked me."

"That is it. The woman's energy and determination please me; and I think she must stand sorely in need of sympathy and advice just now."

"I will do all I can."

"At this minute the door opened, and the butler entered."

"Mr. Carthen, my lord, is waiting to see you in the library."

"Ask him to come in to breakfast, please. Or, stop—I'll go myself."

"At the sound of this name, both Clementina and Lina had changed countenances visibly. A sudden quick color came into Clementina's face, and receded as suddenly, leaving her deathly pale.

Lina flushed red to the roots of her hair, and had the good fortune to keep the flush, which embellished her considerably.

Voices were heard in the hall; Lord Dacre's bright and cheery; the other, deep-toned, grave and quiet. In another second, the two men came in together; and Lord Dacre motioned his guest into the vacant seat at Lady Clementina's side.

The blush came back to Clementina's face, and this time it stopped.

Mr. Carthen was a tall, fine-looking man, of about thirty; a patrician by his finger-ends, and yet a person of kindly instincts, and a true sense of justice.

His estate adjoined Lord Dacre's and was nearly of the same size. Of course, it had always been a favorite speculation amongst the villagers, as to which of Lord Dacre's daughters Mr. Carthen would marry; for that he would marry one or the other, had long ago been decided amongst them all.

The general opinion was that he would do well to choose Lina, although the difference in their ages was considered a great drawback. Still, she was a great favorite, and so was he, and consequently, they thought it would be a grand thing if they could only get those two together, as Lina's charitable instincts would meet encouragement, and not check from him, and also be joined to ample means.

Of course, the fate of either could not be influenced by these speculations; and the poor, alas! have so few pleasures, that even Lina, modest as she was, would hardly have denied them the satisfaction of settling her affairs for her, if she had had the chance.

It might have been noticed that, although Mr. Carthen sat by Lady Clementina, and paid her all the courtesies required, his eyes often wandered to the other end of the table, where Lina's face, dimpling with smiles, dodged him behind the great silver urn.

Clementina saw this, perhaps, for her countenance wore a shadowed expression.

ought to apologize for such an early visit," Mr. Carthen said, presently.

"But, to tell the truth, I could not wait for a decent hour until I spoke to Lord Dacre of what is on my mind."

"Do you mean about poor Flax?" Lord Dacre asked.

"I do, indeed. I am more grieved about him than I can describe. I wanted to consult with you as to what should be done."

"I have ordered them to search Lansdown Wood this morning."

"I am afraid you will not find him there, my lord. If he were alive, he would crawl home, somehow; if he is dead, he will have been put out of the way."

"You think that he is dead, then, too?"

"I fear so much. If he were a man of different character, I might find a dozen solutions of the mystery. As it is, I incline to the belief that he has been foully dealt with, and his body disposed of in some way."

"To whom should you attribute this outrage?"

"To the poachers. The poor fellow was out that night, I am told, and spoke with one of my keepers about twelve o'clock. He has never been seen since."

Lord Dacre shook his head gravely.

"I thought, my lord, you and I ought to join in the search, as our lands being so close, he was protecting mine in protecting yours. I should also be glad to do whatever you think right for the widow."

Lina's eyes, quickly uplifted, beamed with approval. Mr. Carthen perceived this, perhaps, for there was a smile on his lips when he turned towards Lord Dacre, awaiting his reply.

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Carthen. It is my place, and also yours, to take this matter up. It would be as well if we accompanied the searching party this morning."

"I think so—if it would not be inconvenient your lordship too much. In that case, I can go alone."

"Nay, you shall not do that."

"I should be glad to go," Wilfred said. "Perhaps, after all, the poachers may only have wounded him, and left him in the wood."

"God pity him, then," said Lina, excitedly. "For he has been there nearly a week and a day."

"Lina, you will not be so self-important, unless, if you speak like that," her father said, with an expression of great pain.

"I fear I have been very foolish."

"That was what I was saying to myself as I came along," Mr. Carthen put in, with another grateful glance at Lina's changing countenance. The fact was, I felt that I had been a coward. I was afraid to have a great deal said."

"And, meanwhile, the poor man might have been perishing," said Lina, with a boldness her mother felt inclined to condemn, little guessing that it was a charm more added to her other charms in Mr. Carthen's eyes.

"I am afraid I was thoughtless, Lady Lina. That never struck me until you mentioned it. But you have given me a lesson which I shall hope to profit by another time."

"My dear Mr. Carthen, Lina could not have meant to preach to one so much older than herself," Lady Dacre said, apologetically.

"Anyhow, whether she meant it or not, I am exceedingly obliged to her. It is a dreadful thing never to be lectured."

"Why?"

"Because it's a clear proof that no one takes an interest in you or your fate."

He glanced at Lina as he said this, and had the satisfaction of seeing that she grew as red as any rose; whilst Clementina, drooping forward, all white, but calm, looked like a lily which was fainting on its stem.

"Do you know," said Lord Dacre, "my little girl has developed into a sister of mercy?"

"Lady Lina?"

"Ah! I hope you are surprised; I was."

"I am never surprised at any good that I hear of Lady Lina."

"But she has been so shy about it. I certainly noticed that she seldom rode with Clementina and Wilfred on an afternoon, but I fancied that she had a book or a sketch that occupied her at home; and lo and behold! she was comforting the sick and helping the poor, and—here Lord Dacre changed his tone to one of playful satire—"and spending her allowance. Look, Mr. Carthen, what do you say to this dress"—and he pulled at the sleeve disdainfully—"for an earl's daughter?"

"It is very becoming, my lord. I don't know why you should find fault with it."

"It is only prett—what the maids wear."

"That shows your ignorance, papa; for it is cambric muslin, and very suitable for morning wear in the country."

"Of a summer, perhaps."

"You know, papa, I am never cold."

"But it makes me cold to see you."

"Then I will never wear it again."

"I suppose all your allowance went before you were ready for your winter things."

Lina laughed; but she colored, too, suspiciously.

"Is that really the case, Lina?"

"No, papa; not exactly. I always liked a fresh-looking dress of a morning; and really and truly, not feeling the cold, I had forgotten that this was hardly the thing for the time of year."

"And you have some of your allowance left?"

Lina glanced towards Mr. Carthen, as if to stop such a discussion before him. But the earl took her up at once.

"Nonsense! I have known Mr. Carthen ever since he was a baby, and don't see why I should mind saying anything before him."

"Only that you will give him such mistaken notions, papa," faltered Lina.

"Surely we have had enough of the subject," said Lady Clementina, haughtily. "Lina always fancied sweet simplicity."

"But I had a passion for diamonds a little while back. Don't you remember, Clementina?"

"I cannot remember your saying so, ever."

"Oh, yes; I often used to tell you how much I should like to have a set of diamonds like the Duchess of London's."

"Diamonds and cambric muslin!" said Lady Clementina, scornfully.

Lina glanced at her sister, and could hardly understand her. Usually, she was gentle, if cold; but this morning she seemed strange and bitter—almost cruel.

Of course Lina did not know her painful secret. Her own happiness would have been marred if she had had consciousness that her sister coveted the love it was plain to see that she possessed.

The earl finished his breakfast and proclaimed himself ready. Mr. Carthen rose at the same time.

"The horses are at the door, I see," said Lord Dacre. "I sent for two constables to go with us. I thought it best, in case of finding any clue."

"Quite right."

"You will return to lunch, of course?" Lady Dacre said. "We shall certainly expect you."

"And I do hope and pray," said Lina, softly, "that poor Flax may be found."

"I hope so, too," he answered, looking tenderly into her face; "for the widow's sake, and because you wish it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDHOOD.

Children are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, employ a greater portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literature of our day in labors for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt; the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs, as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men, with full-grown moustaches, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers and magistrates in miniature disguise, children form in their present state of pigmy existence a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a bawling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an un-fledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, and unite hearts with time, had divided.

THE HEART'S SONG.

BY E. E.

My heart is singing strains—
It sings and swells as it goes
To where the heart is laid
And then it sings it swells
Like organs of the soul
And goes and goes, and goes and goes,
Eden dreamt about her home.

What heart is singing in my heart?
What heart is singing in my heart?
To where the heart is laid
And then it sings it swells
Like organs of the soul
And goes and goes, and goes and goes,
Eden dreamt about her home.

I care not where the heart goes, nor where
It goes and goes, and goes and goes,
Eden dreamt about her home.

Perchance 'tis love that holds the key—
Perchance 'tis love that holds the key—
Yet still my song floats on the air.
Whatever be its name.

PEGGY'S DOUBLE.

BY GEORGE M. DENNIS.

Jonathan Savage, having bought a house out of town, and comfortably established himself and family therein, found himself in want of a cook.

A young girl applied for the situation. The girl proved respectful and apparently capable.

She stated that she had been brought up as a cook.

She gave her name as Peggy, and declared herself anxious to suit.

And having given satisfactory answers to all interrogatories, she took her way to the kitchen, where she set herself zealously to work without delay.

"A perfect treasure," Mrs. Savage declared—"decidedly a perfect treasure."

There was no cause to change her opinion next day, nor the next.

On the third night, however, Mr. Savage was surprised, on alighting from the train, to see Peggy in her black straw hat and waterproof cloak standing on the platform.

He addressed her, but she did not answer him.

And he hastened home, wondering what had happened that the "treasure" should have been dismissed so suddenly.

To his surprise, Peggy opened the door for him.

"Well, Peggy, you must have walked fast to get here before me," he said, pleasantly.

Peggy made a curtsy, but said nothing.

"Saw you at the depot, didn't I?" said Mr. Savage.

"Please, sir, I don't know," said Peggy.

"You've been there?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir."

"Her way of being polite and leaving it all to me," said Mr. Savage to himself.

But though he discovered that Peggy had not left the house all day, he could scarcely believe that he had not seen her.

That very evening another odd thing happened.

Little Thomas Savage, going to look for a lost chicken, came in with a story.

"I thought I saw a ghost, mother," he said. "It was standing by the well, looking ever so funny; but just as I was going to run, I saw it was Peggy, all wrapped up in something."

Peggy has been standing just there chopping meat ever since you went out."

As he hurried down stairs, consulting his watch, he saw the door of the servant's room, which opened on the stairs—the room being built over the kitchen—standing slightly ajar.

And as he looked, a dark face, encircled by a night cap, peeped out, and a hand, with a white frill about it, pushed it out.

Peggy's face, Peggy's hand, without a doubt.

He went to get breakfast yourself, my dear?" said Mr. Savage, as he took his seat at the table.

"Oh, no," replied his wife. "Why did you think so?"

And at that moment, Peggy, in her ordinary dress, walked into the room with a plate in her hand.

"Singular," said Mr. Savage to himself, but made no further explanation.

It was a month since Peggy's entrance into the family, and she had given every satisfaction.

Still, it was plain to be seen that something was the matter.

Miss Oliver had come to reside with them, and every one was well, but Mrs. Savage looked anxious.

So did her sister.

So also did Mr. Savage.

The ladies exchanged mysterious glances with each other, and the gentleman often shook his head warningly at his eldest boy, when he had just opened his lips to say something.

Mr. Savage often asked his wife what could trouble her, and she frequently said:

"Why are you so serious, my dear?"

At last Olivia was found in hysterics in the hall, and mamma grew too serious to be kept quiet any longer.

"I must know what it is," said Mr. Savage.

"Don't tell him," sobbed Olivia.

"I don't see why you should be ashamed of it," said Mr. Savage. "You can't help it. It's nerves, I suppose. We'd better send for a doctor."

"I'm not nervous," sobbed Olivia.

"Then, now," said Mr. Savage. "I declare I can't bear it any longer. My dear, poor Lily has taken to ghost-seeing, and she's so affected me that I really have imagined something of the sort myself."

THE KISS-A-WAY.

BY A. A.

Sickness and death have been having a game with me. Just like a ball, to and fro: Pleasure and pain have been doing the same with me. Treating me simply like something to throw. Joy took me up to the clouds for a holiday. In a balloon that she happens to keep. Then, as a damp upon a jolly day. Or, in her diving-bell, took me down deep.

Poverty came pretty early—had luck to her! Truly she makes an affectionate wife. I, like a fool, have been faithful, and stuck to her.

She'll stick to me for the rest of my life. As for my children (I wish we had drowned them all). Those I regard as the worst of my life: How can you wonder to hear me confess them all?

Seeing that most of those children are still? Hope, who was once an occasional visitor. Never looks in on me now for a chat. Memory comes, though—the cruel inquisitor! (Not that I feel much the better for that!) Hope was a liar; there's no use denying it. Memory's tales are decidedly true. Yet I confess that I like, after trying it, Hope's conversation the best of the two.

JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 27. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER LI.

THE END OF THE STORY.

Thou double vision! Only judge—Rightful artist! Only judge.

Doris Carlyon herself was the first to recover her equanimity after the awkward contortments of Muriel's appearance in the ball-room. There were many there who had known her at the time of the Royal Academy fiasco, and who remembered Jasper's illness and her own sudden flight from England at the time, and there were many more who had gossiped over the more recent scandal in which her name and his had figured, and did not wonder at the wife's madness and her terrible words.

"She is mad, poor thing," she repeated to those around her, for the dancing had stopped and the guests had congregated around their hostess in wild fright. "But she is harmless. I hear, and my cousin, Mr. Dormer, will see her safely bestowed. Pray go on; I assure you there is no danger."

And so, smiling and entreating, she passed from one to another, and at length succeeded in restoring a little confidence among the dancers and in persuading them to resume their dancing, and then her own self-control began to give way.

"I must not faint or go into hysterics," she said to herself, "with all these people looking at me, and I shall if I don't get away a minute."

Her partner for the next dance came up at the moment, and she begged him with a smile to let her off.

"I'll be forever grateful to you," she said, "if you'll cover my retreat, instead of insisting on theancers."

"Certainly," he said, rather rather than dance," he said, "somewhat stiffly."

"I would rather not. I want to find my cousin, and see what he has done with that poor creature. Besides, I am a little upset, and I want a minute's quiet. Saunter to the door with me, and then leave me. I'll pay you with two dances by-and-by, if you want them."

He did her bidding—as who did not?—and no one noticed that Miss Carlyon had left the room except Mrs. Bellew, who asked her where she was going.

"Only away for a breath of air and a little quiet, auntie," she replied.

"Find Ernest, my dear, if you can," the old lady said. "He has something to say to you."

"I'll let him find me if he wants me," she retorted, as she passed on. "Tell him I am in the drawing-room; there's no one there."

The drawing-room, where the much-talked-of picture hung, was empty, and Doris passed in there. It had been her will to have it just as it was, that parties heated with dancing might stroll in through the open windows, if they so chose, and rest themselves on its luxurious couches and chairs.

By-and-by it would be echoing with passing feet and merry voices; now there was no one there. The portrait stood out in the softened light of the lamps, which seemed to give to its weird whiteness and crimson splashes a shimmering tremor that made it look alive.

"It is a ghastly picture," Doris said to herself, as she sank wearily on one of the soft fauteuils. "I'll have it taken away."

Something stirred near her in the shadow of the window-curtain, and she started up with a look of horror in her eyes, that darkened and deepened with awful intensity as she recognized what she gazed upon.

Ernest Dormer could not see where Muriel went; she did not turn back and make straight for the house, as he expected she would, but ran on towards the park. He pursued her for a little way, but he could neither see her nor hear her footsteps, and he turned back to give the alarm and have her searched for.

He saw as he passed the windows of the ball room that she had not returned there. The dancing was going on with spirit, and no sign of an intruder was visible among the gay throng.

"I must warn the servants," he said to himself, and went round to the side door.

As he did so, the sound of wheels came crunching over the gravel, and a vehicle stopped in front of the door.

Ernest Dormer forgot all about Muriel and her madness, and the probable mischief she might do, when he heard the voices of the men he had left at Rugby inquiring for Doris in the hall. There was time, he thought. He might save her yet, and he rushed through the passages to the ball room, finding Mrs. Bellew in the place where he had left her.

"Where is Doris?" he asked, in a choking voice.

"In the drawing-room. Why, what has happened?"

"She is here."

Through the window was the nearest way, and through he went and looked in.

He did not see her, and softly called "Doris," uncertain who else might be there, and at the instant he heard a terrible, agonized scream, and some one running violently out ran full against him, and they fell to the ground together.

Instinctively he grasped the person by the collar, thinking it was a thief, and held him as in a vice. The man struggled violently to free himself, but it was of no avail. Ernest Dormer in his college days had thrashed barges, and held his own in many a town and gown fight, besides being stroke of the university eight, and the most enduring athlete of his time. Whoever it was he held had no chance, and was kept down till other hands came to help to secure him.

Meanwhile, the men were parleying in the hall with the porter.

"It's quite impossible," he said, decidedly but civilly. "My mistress can see no one to-night on any business whatever. You can see for yourself that she cannot, without talking any more about it."

"She'll see me, I guess," said Septimus Luker, coolly.

"She must see me," the detective added. "We are here in the name of the law, and you dare not oppose us."

"I don't know you, and I shall not let you in," the porter said, doggedly. "I have my orders, and I must obey them."

"And I have my orders, and they must be obeyed," the officer said. "Call your mistress out to speak to us, or it will be worse for her and for you."

"Aye, call her out," Mr. Luker said, coarsely, "unless you want to see her arrested for murder before the whole ball room."

"For what?"

"For murder! We've come to arrest her. That's the programme," said Luker, who appeared to have been drinking. "Oh, you needn't gape at us like that. It's all square. We've got a warrant, and mean to collar the reward."

"Hush!" said the detective, with a look of disgust on his face, while Anthony Collier spoke quietly to the frightened porter.

"It's all true, my man. You had better let us pass in quietly, and then tell your mistress. The thing may be managed without all the people knowing anything about it if you only keep your head. Don't stare like that, but fetch her."

The man rose slowly from his seat, and opened the door of a small parlor.

"Step in here," he said, "and I'll go. Heaven send this is a bad dream, and that I shall wake out of it. It can't be true."

"It is true. You'll wake to the reality of it by and by, when you see her driven off with us," said Luker. "Make haste, my man. Gracious heaven! what's that?"

A woman's scream, appalling in its horror, ringing through the empty passages, rising high above the music and the sound of feet in the ball room.

"Something has happened," said the detective. "Where is it?" for the sound had seemed to come from close to where they stood.

"It is my mistress's voice," the man said, his face ashy white. "She must be in the drawing-room."

He pushed open the huge folding doors that shut in the hall, and went into the lobby, on which one door of the drawing room opened. The others followed him and burst open the doors just as a rush of terrified dancers from the ball room appeared at the windows.

Muriel Onslow lay insensible on the floor, and Doris Carlyon stood at the entrance, right under the picture of her that the strange artist had painted.

Doris Carlyon undoubtedly, but with a strange, awful light in her eyes, and her face gray with an ashen pallor. Her dress was disordered, too; some one had torn her crimson sash and her knots of red flowers, and scattered them in some strange manner, for there were streaks of red in her costume that were not there before, and one or two of her red roses were lying on the floor.

Something there was in her attitude and look that struck all present dumb with horror and dismay, and the detective was the first to break the spell. He went up to her, but she took no notice.

"Miss Doris Carlyon," he said, "you are my prisoner."

She never moved or lifted her eyes, and he laid his hand upon her arm. Then the tension of her muscles seemed to relax, and she fell forward at his feet to the ground, leaving red stains and splashes on the white marble as she fell.

"Good heavens! she has been stabbed!" he said, recoiling, while shrieks and moans rose from the terrified witnesses of the terrible scene. "Shut the doors and windows. Let no one escape from the house."

They lifted her up and laid her on a sofa. She was not dead, but dying fast. They were powerless to avert the catastrophe, and Septimus Luker looked on with baleful eyes.

"She's done it herself," he said, "to balk the law."

Doris heard the coarse speech, and shook her head faintly. She turned her eyes to where Muriel had been placed, still insensible, and Anthony Collier answered her look.

"She didn't do it?"

"No," faintly said the white lips; and the detective whispered:

"I think she did, from all I've heard. She came here on purpose."

One of Doris' guests was her family doctor, and he came and bent over her with tears in his eyes.

"It is no use," he said, quietly. "Nothing can be done. Before you can get any one else here the end will come. Better use your energies to find the man who did the deed."

He was found already. Even as the good old man spoke Ernest Dormer and two others dragged him in through the window. Rough and ragged, unshaven, and gaunt with days of privation, with the weapon in his hand and the blood of his victim on his clothes, he stood revealed in the light of the lamps, a hideous object—the man Ralph Rutherford, whose disappearance had created such a commotion, and whose child was even now at Kingdon, the petted favorite of the woman who was dying by his hand.

He betrayed no emotion at being caught. He stood there gazing with a hard light in his eyes on the prostrate form on the sofa and the frightened faces around him.

"I've paid my debts at last," he said, after a pause. "You came hunting for a life; take mine. My wife and I are quits now."

"What?"

"My wife," he replied, quietly. "I thought I might be of use, and I think I have been. She's safe."

"She? Who?"

"Mrs. Onslow."

"Where?" asked Ernest Dormer, springing up, with a great loud lifted of his mind.

"In the supper room. No one seemed

"Wife?"

The word was echoed from many lips, and he repeated it with a scornful laugh.

"Yes, wife!" he said. "My wife, Teresa Scavroni, the peasant girl, who forsook me for a rich man, and stabbed him as I have stabbed her when she could get nothing more from him. I swore to be revenged. She bawled me for a long time; my time has come now."

"Take him away, for heaven's sake," said Ernest Dormer, for he saw that Doris heard what was going on.

"Doris," he whispered, "speak to me—only one word. Who is that man?"

"My husband."

The answer was distinct enough, though no one but those close around her heard it.

"And is his story true?"

"Yes, it is true," she said, in the same distinct tone, rather sharper than before, for to speak the words was her last effort of life.

Almost with them on her lips, the shapely head, with its coronal of flowers, all crushed and broken now, fell back on the arm that held it, and the story of Teresa Scavroni was told with Doris Carlyon's ended life.

CHAPTER LII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Small service is true service while its lasts; Of friends, however humble, scorn not one.

—W. D. Howells.

No one thought of the child in the terrible confusion of those awful moments. The little fellow had stayed up very late, and had been allowed to see the guests, and to be petted and flattered to his heart's content.

Setting aside his benefactor's partial love, he was really a very beautiful boy, and the fantastic way in which Doris chose to dress him added not a little to his rather foreign-looking loveliness.

He had been more than usually fondled since the curious episode narrated some time since, when he had insisted that he saw his father, for it had had a strange effect upon him. He had grown distant and thoughtful beyond his years, and was found quietly crying for "papa" twice in an unchildish fashion that was very pitiful. So on this grand night he had been attired in Doris' favorite costume for him—a ruby velvet frock, trimmed with point lace, with his hair in a tangled mass of curls, looking lovely enough to be the son of a prince.

The ladies all petted him, and if they wondered and whispered and said ungracious things in "asides" about him, they were loud in open praise of Miss Carlyon's bounty, goodness and taste.

It was not till Master Ralph had fallen asleep in the arms of a baronet's wife—a fat, motherly woman, with plenty of young ones at home—that he would permit any one to carry him to bed.

Once there he was forgotten. The servants were too busy entertaining their friends in the servants' hall, and manœuvring to get peeps at what was going on in the ball-room, to think of him, and when the shrieks and moans that arose told of some dire tragedy, they rushed en masse to the windows and door of the ball-room, and forgot the boy alone upstairs whom the fatal crime had made master of Kingdon Grange and all in it.

Poor baby! For all his wealth he was as bare of friends as any wail that ever saw the light, unwished for unwelcome, in a workhouse ward. No one was near him to soothe and pacify him when the disturbance down-stairs roused him from his sleep.

He made his way down-stairs and crept into the room, his little feet dabbling in the blood stains on the carpet.

Ernest was the first to see him, and he caught him up and consigned him to one of the servants.

"Take him away, and keep him away, for heaven's sake," he said. "Such a sight is enough to make an idiot of him for life."

The little incident recalled him to the reality of what seemed a hideous dream. All was confusion, and no one knew what to do. There was nobody but him to take the command of the frightened household or to restore order amongst the bewildered crowd of terrified guests, who were rushing out of the Grange in any way they could, carriages being seized and appropriated by any one who could get hold of them, and the utmost confusion prevailed.

In an hour he had restored something like tranquillity. The drawing-room was locked up with what lay there composed in awful stillness on a couch; the detectives and Septimus Luker had driven off with Ralph Rutherford, and Mrs. Bellew was recovering from her hysterics and fainting-fit under the doctor's charge in her own room.

He had quieted the servants, most of whom wanted to rush out of the house, and he had promised that they should all be paid and go on the morrow if they chose, but that they must be quiet now and do what they could to restore order and quiet to the house.

They obeyed him, as a master mind is generally obeyed, and went about what he bid them do quietly enough.

Ernest walked into the deserted ball-room, all strewn with crushed flowers, broken fans, torn dresses, and all the paraphernalia of flirtation which the guests had cast aside in their haste to get away from the scene of horror.

He was alone for a brief moment, and then all of a sudden for the first time he remembered Muriel. He had forgotten her very existence in the confusion of what had happened. What had become of her? Where was she?

He had seen her stretched insensible on the floor when he had helped to drag Ralph Rutherford to the feet of his victim; but who could have spirited her away? Was she dead too? Was the whole world a hideous death-chamber?

His brain began to reel, and he put his hands to his head. Fatigue and want of sleep combined with strong excitement were telling on him, and he felt as though he would lose his senses. For a moment he felt like falling, and sunk on the nearest seat to recover, when a hand laid on his shoulder recalled him to himself, and looking up he saw Anthony Collier standing before him.

"You here?" he said, in astonishment.

"Yes, I'm here," he replied, quietly. "I thought I might be of use, and I think I have been. She's safe."

"She? Who?"

"Mrs. Onslow."

"Where?" asked Ernest Dormer, springing up, with a great loud lifted of his mind.

"In the supper room. No one seemed

to notice her, except in tumbling over her, so I just carried her in there. If there's a doctor to be had you'd better get one. She seems to be coming to herself."

"I'll thank you by and by, Mr. Collier," Ernest said, warmly. "You have done me a great service. I believe I'm knocked up," he said, wearily. "I can hardly stand."

"Ah! come and have a glass of wine. You've been knocking about without any rest, and tussling with a madman, and looking at"—he finished his sentence with a jerk of his hand towards the drawing-room—"and all that's enough to knock down any one. Now I came here quite fresh, and I didn't look at anything more than I was obliged to—and that was enough—so I'm ready for anything, and I thought I'd stay and see if I could help."

"You are very good. You have helped already in taking care of poor Muriel."

"If I am in the way, say so, and I'll be off," said the old man.

But Ernest wrung his hand, and begged him to stay. It was a great relief to him, he declared, to have some one to speak to.

They went together into the supper room, all set out with glittering many-hued glass and silver, with fragrant roses, and rare viands for the guests, whom no temptation could ever persuade to sit down in that house; and there upon a velvet lounge, the place of honor where Doris Carlyon was to have sat, lay Muriel Onslow, white and insensible still, but breathing, her fair hair falling round her face like a glory. She looked impressively lovely and peaceful.

"I don't know much about it," Anthony Collier said, "but I think she's very ill. We must have a doctor."

"There's one in the house now," said Ernest. "Mrs. Bellew is—"

"Ah! in fits, and all that sort of things, of course," was the grim reply. "That's natural. But don't you think if you were to see the old lady and tell her that her help was wanted here, it would do her more good than all the harshness and doctor's stuff in the world?"

"I'll try it," said Ernest. "Anyway, I'll bring the doctor."

In five minutes he had roused Mrs. Bellew from her prostration by the news that Muriel was in the house very ill; in five more she was standing by her side in the supper-room, very much frightened, but able to be of use and help.

The doctor came, and looked very grave, giving as his opinion that Muriel was very ill. He ordered her to bed immediately, and desired that a nurse might be sent for. Ernest Dormer undertook that she should have every comfort the Grange could furnish.

"She is under my charge at present," he said, "and she shall want for nothing."

So Muriel, unconscious still, was moved away to the room that had been hers when she was Muriel Chisholm, Miss Carlyon's companion, and the doctor gave it as his opinion that a crisis of her malady had come.

"She will awake either much better or much worse," he said. "I am inclined to think the former. It is just possible that she may be quite well, but the cases of perfect recovery are rare. Some faculty or other is generally wanting."

But the "just possible" became the truth in Muriel's case. She lay for several days unconscious of what was passing around her, knowing nothing of the sad stir, of inquest and funeral which followed each other in quick succession, and waking at length weak as an infant, only conscious of the fact that she was back in her old room at Kingdon Grange, and with the memory of all that had passed since her girlhood erased from her mind.

They let her alone, and by degrees it all came bit by bit to the time when she had been instrumental in bringing about Jasper's arrest. She remembered going to Anthony Collier, and with him to the police officer, and after that all was blank till she had entered the drawing-room at Kingdon and beheld Ralph Rutherford strike Doris Carlyon to the heart.

Her remorse and distress were terrible to see. She imagined Jasper to be dead, due to death by her means, and refused to be comforted. By degrees they told her all—how not death, but a very limited imprisonment, was the doom that had overtaken her husband, and how, when he came out of prison, friends would be glad to help him to begin life anew somewhere else.

As soon as she was able to be moved, Ernest Dormer and Mrs. Bellew took her back to London and placed her in a quiet lodging with her children, and Kingdon Grange was shut up, Ernest being appointed by the Lord Chancellor guardian to the little heir so suddenly discovered and orphaned.

It was some time before it was deemed safe for Muriel to see her husband; but Jasper sent her a letter containing his full and free forgiveness, which Ernest obtained permission for him to write and send unperished by the authorities. The same kind influence was brought to bear subsequently, and a day came when a weeping woman, closely veiled, was ushered into the cell of prisoner No. 18, and allowed to remain there unwatched by the warders.

And so the days of Jasper Onslow's punishment drew to a close, and his very existence was forgotten save by the few few who were not ashamed to call themselves his friends.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

QUESTIONS.—If anything in the above will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is, unquestionably, a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he abuses you, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he abuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

WISDOM, indeed, is not confined to any limited circle, much less to the very narrow one of private friendships, and sound advice may often be procured from those with whom we have contracted no ties of intimacy.

MEN WITH NO MUSIC IN THEM.

BY MARY DALLAS.

I do not mean men who cannot play the fiddle, nor discriminate between "God save the Queen" and somebody's symphony in A minor. A man may not sing (or a woman either), and yet have music—have a good deal of soul-music. The man we mean has a heart with no chords to it, and a mind without any keys.

Very probably he is extremely sensible; he can count you up a column of figures without hesitation. He knows what he ought to pay for beef a pound, and what should be the price of coal; but if you make a joke, he inquires blandly, "Is that an actual fact, and what are your reasons for thinking so?" He can laugh when some one tumbles down, or bumps his head against a post; but he must have his cause for merriment in some such palpable form to comprehend it.

As for sentiment, or romance, or poetry, he leaves those for people he considers idiots. He never falls in love—not he; he quietly marries, according to his taste—a handsome or a useful wife—and thereafter performs his duty by dressing her very well, and carefully replenishing the larder. One virtue he has; if he does not make love to her, he makes love to no one else, but it is only because he isn't in him. Generally his wife is something miserable, and blames herself for it because she has no cause.

You can't touch that man. You cannot reproach him; you cannot make him feel the woes of others; he gives a certain amount yearly to public charities, but he never gave a beggar a penny in his life. He never gave a child a loving kiss, though he offers a religiously formal touch of his cold lips on proper occasions, as when sending a journey, to his wife and offspring. He goes to his friends' funerals in solemn black, and invariably speaks well of the departed; but he eats as hearty a dinner after it as usual, and never sheds a tear.

I hate the man without music. I'd rather have to do with the most reckless creature of impulse—the man with as many strings and chords and notes to his soul that, unskillfully played on, there is something discord, the man who wants to sob when all comes right at the end of the play, and the heroine falls into the hero's arms; the man who would give his last shilling to some unworthy beggar who buys a dram with it, and is hurt and angry without cause, and ready to make amends the moment after—men who love ardently, and are such friends as were Damon and Pythias—men who are always having the worst of it, but who come out at the end the brighter for their rubs, and who at last, when angel's hands shall play upon their soul's harp, shall show that only unskillful playing ever made them harsh. In fact, give me too much music rather than none at all in the man whom I would choose to be my friend.

THE HOLE IN THE POCKET.

BY E. W. PHILLIPS.

Jonas Slack and his wife commenced housekeeping, as many other young people do, with little means for defraying the necessary expenses, but as he was a good mechanic, he could generally find employment in his native village, and she being an industrious little woman, besides doing her housework, earned considerable in the course of a year, by doing plain sewing. But still they did not seem to prosper as did Ned Bowen and his wife, who commenced housekeeping near them about the same time, under similar circumstances.

The reason why and the way he made the discovery, we will let him tell in his own words:

My wife said to me one evening, "Mr. Slack, I wish to get some thread and needles at the store, and want a little change."

I felt in my pocket, examined my wallet thoroughly, but could find nothing but the necessary change for currency at the store, and reported the unpleasant fact to her.

"Why," said she, "what has become of the half-dollar I gave you this morning?" (She had always made me cashier of the firm.)

After another unsuccessful attempt to find it, I said:

"Mr. Slack, I think there must be a hole in one of my pants, for certainly I have not got it, and I do not think of anything I have paid it out for."

"I will look up your pockets this evening," said she, mildly, "and will mend them if they need it."

It was not long after this conversation that I remembered having treated myself and three friends to ice cream, but concluded to keep the discovery to myself. I could not find any hole in my pocket last night," said my wife, the next morning, in a gentle tone, and with a look that my feelings prevented me from scanning closely, and all the reply I felt willing to make was, "Ah, couldn't you?"



The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves

TRUTH is not always won by long and hard toil. A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.

to draw thoughtless souls to destruction; when he hired one of the most elegant houses in New Orleans, and decked it up with every luxury to tempt the senses, and decked out my wretched case and form in robes and jewels fit for a queen to draw wealthy and ignorant young men there that he might cheat them of their money at cards, then I recalled—then I said God could not think of me to remain longer with so polluted a thing as gambling, then I felt that my duty was to go to my father at him whom you know as Bert Thorndyke, then going by the name of Leon de France, he was often at the accused place, then I was often at the accused place, then I was often enough to remember my poor parents and recognize three years after in the house of his sainted mother. It is now I who has brought this new trouble of enclosure upon a weak, friendless woman whom heaven had so long and so

"I don't expect you to; but I want you to feel that I'm doing everything I can for you. You go down to this Riverville where she is stopping (I'll go with you, in the part of conscientious informer, you know, ha, ha, ha!), assert your claim on her, in which you will be amply supported—our righteous laws allow every man to sue for his wife, and I'll guarantee when you get her nicely away, I'll just step in and take her off your hands; you have your cash instantan, and I have, first, my revenge, in her humiliation, and, secondly, my prize, in herself! I'll be your propitiator for you. Now, what do you say?"

"I say yes. Let's fill a glassa to it!"

"Then they began to talk over what was to be done; what sort of dress should be worn; how the scar should be made; and at last time at which the plan should be carried out. Then they separated."

"That's a mighty ingenious story of

carried with him the contempt of every member of the family—his grand-aunt not excepted (for Miss Trevor, be it said *in passing*, was, like a good many other people in this world, an excellent fair-

children in this way.
 The grief which has whitened her hair
 has whitened her soul as well. Her
 youthful sin is no longer a ghost, track-
 ing her footsteps by daylight, and driv-
 ing sleep from her pillow in the dark-
 ness. The path of duty is to her the
 path of honor, and she pursues it with
 cheerful heart, however rough or nar-
 row it may be, thanking God in her daily
 prayers for the sorrow that brought her
 to this blessed work.

THE END.

WITHOUT the rich rent, wealth is but
 an ugly beggar.

VANITY is a strong drink that makes
 all the virtues stagger.

"WEEK UNADORNED ADORNED THE BEST."

BY HENRIETTA CRADWICK.

My darling needs no jewels bright
To deck her breast, or neck, or arm;
Her radiant smile, her glowing eyes,
Would blinder more than all such charms.
Let others grieve and diamonds wear,
But here is a transcendent grace—
A smile adorned with honor rare,
And kindness beaming to her face.

To be herself the jewel lies,
Where heaven's gifts, profusely shed,
Are mirrored in her loving eyes,
And wreathed around her radiant head.
Let others look in horror, awe,
My love wears Nature's diadem;
She needs no ornamental blaze—
Her heart controls every gem!

Her lips are rubies, warm and light,
That shield the heart when wrong is nigh;
Her eyes are sapphires, sparkling bright,
With promise of a cloudless sky.
The opal, mingled with the rose,
I wish her cheek in beauty's dream;
Two sparkling pearls her bosom show,
Where Faith and Love shed angel gleams.

Oh! if I might some jewel choose,
That gem the faded charm should own
To make her every feature glow,
And render her a queen alone.
But yet she hath a wondrous one
Alight a wealth of radiant import—
The perfume of a soul divine,
The tender of a truthful heart.

THE EBONY CASKET;

OR,
The Raymond Inheritance.

BY ART WILWOOD.

(This serial was commenced in No. 42. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MIDNIGHT.

It was nearly midnight when the newly-made husband and wife reached Shrublands.

However, long before the avenue gates were passed, Dora's neatly-gloved hand touched her companion's, and she said:

"Tell the driver, if he hears another carriage approaching, to draw back and remain in hiding, if possible, until it passes."

Philip gave vent to a low whistle.

"Why is that, my dear?"

"Never mind. You ought to know I do nothing without a reason. Please speak to the driver at once."

He did so, saying not another word.

The caution proved unnecessary, however. No rumble of other wheels than their own broke the deep stillness of the night; and Dora drew a long breath of relief when they reached the house without encountering anybody.

Philip's cool assurance was marvellous. He helped his bride to alight, tucked her arm under his own, and led her up the steps.

"Here we are, my love," said he, airily, "home at last—your home and mine."

The words had a peculiar significance. Dora only closed her lips a trifle closer than they had been before. She comprehended, clearly enough, his object in speaking in that manner.

They entered the marble-paved hall, where Mr. Raymond's pets were sleeping the sleep of the innocent in their gilded cages. Here, a dim light was burning upon a table of inlaid wood.

Philip glanced all round, smiling quizzically.

"My respected father-in-law's museum," said he, lightly. "I've heard of it."

He advanced towards the drawing-room door, and laid his hand on the knob.

"Not there," whispered Dora, suddenly drawing back. "Papa is in that room. I can hear his step crossing the floor."

"Humph! What then? We've got to fall at his feet, and crave his forgiveness, like dutiful children. Why not have it over at once?"

Dora was trembling. Her face looked even ghastlier than it had in the church.

"Not now," she answered, faintly. "I am not well enough to meet him now. Oh, come away!"

He yielded, smiling very graciously. The game was in his own hands, and he could afford to give up a point or two.

"Where, then, my charmer?"

She led him across the hall, into the library, which proved to be deserted, though a lamp still burned here as elsewhere. Some sudden burst of emotion nearly overpowered her as she crossed the threshold. She had scarcely strength enough to totter into the nearest alcove, where a velvet couch was placed.

ing a tiny tray, on which were two glasses and a decanter.

Setting down the tray, she poured the wine herself with a steady hand.

"Drink!" and she presented a glass to Philip.

He took the glass, gazed wonderingly into her white face, as if its pallor puzzled him, then raised the glass to his lips.

"Your health, fair bride," he said, gallantly. "May we live long and prosperous lives together!"

The two men faced each other furiously. Each braced himself, instinctively for a struggle; but Dora, with a low cry, threw herself between them.

"Back!" she exclaimed. "Be friends, for my sake, papa. It is vain if you send this man away from Shrublands! Don't do it. He knows everything."

Mr. Raymond staggered back, as if from a blow. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead.

"Know everything?" he echoed, incredulously.

A faint smile, and a nod, was Dora's only answer.

A silence fell. Mr. Raymond dropped his face into his hands. He sat with it hidden many minutes, as if to gain time for reflection.

"Forgive me," he said at last, quite blandly, looking up at Philip. "I see the case clearer than I did. We had better be united."

"My opinion," returned the adventurer, coolly.

When they drew close together, and sat talking earnestly far into the small hours of the morning.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DAWN OF DISTRESS.

The second day subsequent to the events we have just recorded, there came an unexpected, and for some reasons, unwelcome, visitor to Shrublands.

It was Mr. Lasalle, the wealthy mill-owner.

At one time, before she had met Jasper Layton, Dora had been very cordial to Mr. Lasalle, and had wasted many a number of ravishing smiles upon him.

He was rich, and she had never then known the mad delirium of love; she would have married him gladly, had he given her the opportunity.

But all this was over now. Not only had he shown himself proud against her wishes, but he had even had the bad taste to prefer his rival, and lose his heart to Bernice.

Of course Dora did not cherish the pleasantest of sentiments towards him; though she had been his guest so long.

When he was sitting in the drawing-room when he drove up, and saw him from the window.

She ran out into the hall, where Mr. Raymond was feeding his pets with bones. "Papa," she cried, in a hurried voice, "Mr. Lasalle has come!"

Mr. Raymond bit his lip.

"What can he be wanting here?" he said, though he knew very well. "I hope he does not intend returning your visit."

"He has come to see Bernice," Dora answered, sharply. "I don't see what you will tell him. I warn you to be careful, for he is no fool."

"Humph! Leave me to manage him."

"Gladly," Dora swung round, and ran up the stairs. "I can't see him," she called back, "and I won't, unless it is absolutely necessary."

Mr. Raymond kept on with his work, softly humming an operatic air as he did so. When the bell rang, he answered the summons himself, instead of waiting for a servant.

"Delighted!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand to the tall, quivering figure on the steps. "Let me welcome you to Shrublands. I do hope you are come to stay."

He glanced sharply at Mr. Lasalle, while speaking, and saw that the mill-owner looked confused—troubled.

"No," was the answer, in an unsteady voice. "I came to see Miss Vance."

"Bernice?"

"Of course. The—the fact is," he stammered, "I've had wretched dreams about her. I hope she is quite well, and safe."

"Oh, yes, indeed—at least, I hope so."

"Don't mind me," said Mr. Lasalle, making but a pitiful attempt to hide his agitation. "I am fond of Bernice, and—do you know the perils through which she has passed. They make me fearful, perhaps. At any rate, I couldn't rest without coming here to see that she is safe."

Mr. Raymond was rubbing his hands; he was smiling his best; but his heart beat furiously.

He would have sent no such message. Though the marriage had not been publicly proclaimed, as yet, he was making himself very much at home at Shrublands.

But Jasper was quite a different person; and Dora's heart did beat faster than it had when she made a hasty toilet, preparatory to going down stairs.

"It must all come out, sooner or later," she thought. "I can't be the wife of two men at the same time. Jasper must be told, and I'll tell him to-day."

She clenched her white hands, with a vicious look in her eyes. Even now she felt like throttling Philip, sometimes, when he brought her the news that he had ruined the brightest dreams of her life.

Not but that she meant to make the best of the situation. It is hard, though, to be rudely awakened from one's first love dream, and to feel that there can be no blissful reality in this life.

Dora was cold and proud looking as a Zenobia, however, when she entered the drawing-room a few minutes later. Jasper met her, as usual, with a hasty "good-morning," not like a lover, but with a certain air of constraint.

"My dear Dora," said he, "it seems an age since I saw you the last time—three whole days, is it not?"

She silently motioned him to a seat. His tone nettled her. It said, quite as bluntly as words could have done, that he had not cared for her, and found it quite difficult to keep up the farce.

"I suppose you have been pining for my society," she said, bitterly, after a brief silence. "You could not have existed any longer without seeing me?"

He colored.

"At least I am glad to meet you again."

"Bah! I'm glad you did not lie to me. I should have ceased to respect you, if you had."

Jasper stared at her. That cold, hard face perplexed him. He could not guess what a Vesuvius of passion was hidden underneath it.

"Your visit was really to Bernice Vance—not to me," she went on, haughtily. "Attempt no denial. I can bear the truth, if I am your betrothed wife."

The young man's face grew purple, and then blanched to ghastly whiteness.

"Dora," said he, coldly, "are you aware what you are saying?"

"Perfectly. I've seen the way your heart was going, all the while. Perhaps you were not to blame—I do not say you were. Love is a mystery. No matter. I wish you joy with Bernice—when you get her."

With a strange, proud smile upon her lips, she turned slowly away.

Jasper can after her. He caught her hand, clasping it tightly in his own.

"Dora," he cried, "what do you mean by this outbreak. Do you think I have no honor, no manliness? My word is pledged to you, and I will keep it."

The words cost him a pang, but he spoke them bravely. Dora was touched, in spite of herself. Her lips began to quiver, she was dangerously near losing all control over herself.

Fortunately, she did not. Looking steadily at him a moment, she said, in a voice not her own:

"It is too late for the sacrifice. Thank you all the same for your good intentions; but I am a married woman."

Was it sarcasm that pointed her words, or did she not stop to weigh them? Jasper recoiled, as from a blow.

"Married?" he gasped. "You! Impossible!"

A bitter smile curled Dora's lip.

"It is true," she said, abruptly. "For two days I have been the wife of your brother, Philip Layton."

An irrepressible cry broke from Jasper's lips. He still looked a ghost, and his strong hands trembled.

GERTRUDE.

BY A. E. F.

Gertrude became blind while so young that when she reached womanhood she possessed no recollection of visible forms. But the beneficent laws of compensation rendered her remaining senses doubly active. This is a beautiful provision of Nature. Blessed with affluent friends, who spared no pains in educating her, she was adorned with all the female accomplishments. She was a musician, an author and an elocutionist. As the latter she had but few superiors. Her favorite recitation was Addison's "Immortality of the Soul"; none who ever heard it could forget that shower of eloquence.

Gertrude, indeed, with one exception, possessed all that is essential to happiness. Another such lovely face I never saw; there was an angelic expression beaming from those clouded orbs, and every lineament was stamped with beauty.

With the eye of remembrance I still see her, as once she stood before her window weeping her unfortunate lot. The sun just then bursting from his curtain of clouds, warmed and illuminated her cheek. She threw back her curls, and lo! the tear-drops glittered. She then knelt and praised God for all his mercies. She prayed for the time when she might see the beauties of the better land, and back in the fields of uncreated light. The sunless girl arose with an air of resignation, and sitting down before her piano, played one of those sweet melodies so soothing to the soul of the weary.

Before that year was past a skillful oculist removed the white films from her eyes, leaving her in a darkened chamber with instructions for a gradual admission of light. Her heart now beat high with hope. She soon distinguished objects in the room. But when she first beheld her father, mother and sister, her joy was without bounds; what love, happiness and gratitude!

When her eyes grew stronger it was my delightful task to lead her to the window to view for the first time the works of Nature. It was a beautiful morning; the trees were white with blossoms; the landscape was one of uncommon beauty. In the valley, flowing in majesty, was the river, and yonder was the mountain with its crown of clouds now illuminated by the rising sun. I raised the curtain, and as her eyes glanced over I shall never forget that wild scream of joy. She had never before so fully appreciated the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed.

On the evening of the same day she was allowed to view the starry heavens. She continued gazing with wonder. Her feelings were indescribable; she spoke not. The literal fact exceeded the highest flight of her imagination. At last, falling in nervous spasms, she was carried to her couch, perfectly overcome with the splendor of the scene. When she recovered, she said: "The reality surpasses my brightest, wildest and loveliest dream. And again she repeated, "He marked out their paths with His finger."

But Gertrude was too pure for this world. She lived only five years after this event. When about to "pass over," not a doubt dimmed her faith. The thread was gently severed, and she was free.

HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.

Probably very few, even of those persons who are well informed, have a correct conception of the various processes by which those wonders of modern imitative art, popularly known as "chromos," are gradually developed, step by step, to a perfection which defies discrimination in comparing with the original. The picture to be copied is covered with a transparent sheet of oiled paper, on which a tracing of every outline is made. The outline is then transferred to lithographic stone, known as the "key."

A number of plates, equal to the number of tints desired, is next prepared, and the impression from the "key" is printed on each. With the original before him, the artist fills in with a crayon such portions of the outline on each plate as he wishes to have reproduced the particular shade assigned to it.

The untouched portions of the plate are then covered with a peculiar preparation, and a galvanic bath, nicely governed, does the work of an engraver, but does it as no engraver could possibly do—true to a hair, and finer, if necessary, than the naked eye can discover. Each plate is printed in its turn on the paper, and every impression must be so adjusted to its predecessors that there shall not be the slightest variation.

When it is considered that as many as twenty or thirty plates are often required—that some portions of a tint are preserved pure to the end, while others are covered and affected by one or all succeeding impressions—the marvelous skill and knowledge of various combinations of color required of an artist who essays to lay out and complete the plates of a chromo, may be faintly imagined by those who see and admire the splendid results of his labors.

MINOR MORALS.

There is a sphere in men's lives into which they are accustomed to sweep a whole multitude of petty faults without judging them, without condemning them, and without attempting to correct them. There is a realm of moral moths for almost all of us. We all hold ourselves unaccountable for minor morals, but there is a realm of minor morals where we scarcely suppose ethics to enter. There are thousands and thousands of little untruths that hum, and buzz, and sting in society, which are too small to be brushed or driven away. They are in the looks; they are in the inflections and tones of the voice; they are in the actions; they are in the reflections, rather than in direct images that are presented. They are methods of producing impressions that are wrong, though every means by which they are produced is strictly right. There is a way of serving that which is wrong while you are prepared to show that everything that you say and do is right. There are little unfairnesses between man and man, and companion and companion, that are said to be minor matters, and that are small things; there are little unjust judgments and detractions; there are slight indulgences of the appetites; there are petty violations of conscience; there are ten thousand of these plays of the passions in men which are called foibles or weaknesses, but which eat like moths. They take away the temper; they take away the magnanimity and generosity; they take from the soul its enamel and its polish.

OUR OWN SPINNS.

(Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia.)

AN ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.
(From "Little One," Hagerstown, Maryland.)
I am composed of 86 letters.
My 1, 20, 62, 12, 34, 25, 44, 18, 40, 50, 23, 10 was an Athenian general.

My 2, 27, 18, 87, 9, 27, 70, 42, 10 was a Roman orator.
My 3, 78, 31, 46, 76, 81, 96, 14, 53, 51, 32 was a famous Theban warrior.

My 10, 15, 24, 74, 85, 52, 47, 21, 66, 42, 10 was a king of Assyria.
My 7, 50, 52, 28, 13, 40, 12 was where King William of Scotland was taken prisoner.

My 38, 33, 42, 59, 17, 75, 13, 53, 5, 25 was a Greek historian.
My 42, 48, 7, 35, 58, 15 was one of the Muses.

My 61, 66, 11, 21 was the wife of Saturn.
My 53, 9, 42, 70, 15, 8, 63, 65, 43 was the son of Prometheus.

My 51, 43, 53, 61, 11, 56 led the Hungarian band to the Fifth Crusade.
My 45, 72, 43, 29, 27, 73, 51, 83, 41 was the name the Indians called De La Barre.

My 11, 42, 71, 49, 74, 34, 82, 23 was the wife of Orpheus.
My 63, 9, 44, 42, 79, 13, 7 was the mother of Coriolanus.

My 9, 78, 13, 84, 57, 15, 67, 34, 42, 25 was a bishop of Salamis.
My 73, 58, 40, 72, 68, 21, 59, 60, 42, 32 was the father of Aristotle.

My 13, 53, 6, 59, 14 was the son of Apollo and Asteria.

CHARADES.

1. My first is a globe, my next is a fish, and my whole is a bird.
2. My first is a portion, my next's on the top of a house, and my whole is a bird.

3. My first means equal, my next's to decay, and my whole is a bird.
4. My first is an animal, my second a shroud, and my whole is a flower.

5. My first may be seen in a book, my next is an insect, and my whole is a show or display.
6. My first is a part of your face, my second a letter, and my whole is used at breakfast, dinner and tea.

7. My first is a woman, my second a man, and my whole is a man.
8. My first may be seen in a field, my next is a measure, and my whole is a bird.

9. If you touch me, take care of my sting—transpose me, and beware of my claws—behead me, and I am more venomous still—cut off my tail, and I cease to be.

10.
So viewless am I,
So boundless I fly,
Restless, scarce ever reposing;
A kiss on the cheek
Of my second I take;
Such is my first I'm disclosing.

And now I will tell,
When forth from the well
Th' pure sparkling water they're raising,
My whole gives its aid
To the buxom young maid,
As she twines, their beauty they're praising.

FLOWER PUZZLE.
Just take three O's, two R's, and three D's.
Two N's, and one H, and then at your ease
Put them together, first adding one E,
And then, if you can, send the answer to me.

NUMBERED CHARADE.
I consist of 8 letters.
My 6, 2, 1 is a part of a pig.
My 4, 5, 8 is a human being.
My 3, 2, 8, 7, 8 is used in warfare.
My whole is the surname of a French general.

ENIGMAS.

1. I'm sure there is nothing so fickle as I,
So changeable and so uncertain;
I'm pleasant and dreary, I'm both wet and dry,
And oft cover the earth with a curtain.

I'm blustering and windy, oft kick up a shindy;
Man's futile resistance I scorn;
My anger disarming, I'm pleasant and charming,
As quiet as a babe newly born.

I have the misfortune to please seldom ever,
I'm either too cold or too hot;
If mortals could change me to suit their caprice,
I think none would envy my lot.

2.
I serve the dead, the dead serve me;
Without the dead, dead I should be,
Unless I turned from things so mute,
To some more lucrative pursuit;
For by the dead alone I live,
And death doth me existence give;
So death, you see, doth me befriend—
My foe he'll be, though, in the end.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Who was the son of nobody?
2. What is the difference between a man averse to reckoning and the old woman that kissed her cow?
3. Why is your lady love like a hinge?
4. If a boy tread upon your foot, what musical instrument would you name?
5. Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in the world?
6. When is a chair like a lady's dress?
7. When is a soldier not half a soldier?
8. What flower would be the best to keep a secret in?

A RIDDLE.
Take two "R's" and you have my middle; take one vowel only and place it on each side of the vowel, if then, you give me a head and tail, I am never present.

Answers to "Our Own Spins." No. 1, Vol. 54.
ENIGMAS.—1. Glass. 2. Wind. 3. The Boudoir.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—Girl, 23: May, 26.
RIDDLE.—Letter M.
MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADE.—Penelope.
CONUNDRUMS.—1. When he is a spark and carries a flame in his bosom. 2. Because there are more of them. 3. When he is filling up his trunk.



MISERY—Pleasure at the summer resorts.
A **PLAQUE** has cleared Kansas city of cats.

CHICAGO is now called "Cremation City."

THE SWEET ORB OF LIFE—The honey-moon.

A WEATHER REPORTER—A clap of thunder.

THE best thing to take before singing—Breath.

LARKINS begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

THE most difficult ascent—Getting up a subscription.

NEW ORLEANS has a rat that walks upon a telegraph wire every night.

A MEMPHIS paper defines advertising to be a "blister which draws trade."

ALTHOUGH a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not own it.

ARKON is the Ohio city that sets the example of excluding organ-grinders.

A GOOD way to dispel darkness from about you is to make light of your troubles.

VAIN WISH—A youth was recently married to a girl who had refused him eighteen times. He wishes now he hadn't asked her but seventeen.

REPAIRS AND DAMAGERS—"What are you going to do?" asked a man of his friend, who had been injured in a railway accident.

"I am first going in for repairs, and then for damages," was the reply.

A MEDICAL advertisement is headed: "Looks like a Miracle! A Young Man Made to Walk in Five Minutes!" But Augustus thinks that is no great miracle compared to his experience the other evening when he went to see his girl. The old man came in and made him walk in less than one minute.

SIMPLE, without being sickly sentimental, was the form of a marriage service in a town in Iowa the other day. This was the way of it:

"Join your right hands. Do you want one another?"

"They both answered, 'Yes.'"

"Well, then, have one another. You're man and wife."

"My dear, where is my Morning and Evening Devotion?" asked Mr. Paul Partington—meaning a small book with that title, in which he sometimes read.

"Here it is," said Mrs. Partington, producing from the closet a dark bottle, and setting it on the table with a clean glass.

"Here it is, Paul."

He looked intently into her face to see if malice were actuating her; but he found all there calmly serene. He would not destroy the pleasure of her satisfaction in having thus obliged him, so he refrained from explanation, and partook.

"Well, Missus, I'm going to leave you," said Molly to her mistress, whom she had lived and grown fat with for a good many years.

"Going to leave me, Molly? Why, where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm going to get married; I've worked long enough, and I'm going to rest my bones."

Of course, Mrs. Jones could make no objection to this common and natural female frailty. So Molly went, and nothing was heard of her for a year or two, when she came back, poor and emaciated, having lost her husband, and all the rest of his human nature is heir to having fallen upon her. Mrs. Jones was much surprised to see her coming, and said to her:

"Well, Molly, have you rested your bones?"

"Golly, Missus, I've rested my jaw-bones, and dem's all the bones I have rested."

TAKING IT LITERALLY—Among the scholars, when Lamb and Coleridge attended school, was a poor clergyman's son of the name of Simon Jennings. On account of his dismal and gloomy nature, his playmates had nicknamed him Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to the master, Doctor Boyer, and said, in his usual whimpering manner:

"Please, Doctor, the boys call me Pontius Pilate."

If there was one thing which Doctor Boyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek and Latin, it was the practice of nicknaming. Rushing down among the scholars from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried, with his usual voice of thunder:

"Listen, boys. The next time I hear any of you say 'Pontius Pilate,' I'll cane you as long as this cane will last! You are to say 'Simon Jennings,' and not 'Pontius Pilate.' Remember that, if you value your hides!"

Next day, when the same class were reciting the catechism, a boy of a remarkably dull and literal turn of mind had to repeat the Creed. He had got as far as "suffered under," and was about popping out the next word, when the doctor's prohibition unlooked for flashed upon his obtuse mind. After a moment's hesitation, he blurted out:

"Suffered under Simon Jennings, was—"

The rest of the sentence was never uttered, for Doctor Boyer had already sprung like a tiger upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunate shoulders. When the irate doctor had discharged his cane-storm upon him, he said:

"What do you mean, you booby, by such blasphemy?"

"I only did as you told me," replied the simple-minded youth.

"Did I tell you?" roared the doctor, now wound up to something above the boiling-point. "What do you mean?"

As he said this, he instinctively grasped his cane more furiously.

"Yes, doctor, you said we were always to call Pontius Pilate Simon Jennings. Didn't he, Sam?" appealed the unfortunate culprit to Coleridge, who was next to him.

Sam said naught; but the doctor, who saw what a dunce he had to deal with, cried:

"Boy, you are a fool! Where are your brains?"

FOOTSTEPS.

BY SHIRLEY CLARK.

Not that I have a golden sand,
Of little feet that patter round,
Through the room and over the chair,
Wandering hither, wandering there,
Busily all the day.

Fit not they bring close to my chair
A bright baby form of airy grace,
With soft blue eyes and rosy cheeks,
And sweet blue eyes and rosy cheeks,
As seeking there they sought to trace
A welcoming smile of love.

A dimpled hand whose fingers twine
Around my own to climb my knee,
And rose-red lips that cling to mine,
Then laugh aloud in childish glee,
As though those pleading eyes could see
The answering love in mine.

Was it a dream, that picture fair,
That passed my tear-dimmed eyes before?
That wearing the robes that angels wear,
Passed from our household out of the door
Unto the shining land?

YOUNG LOVE.

BY LAURA SHARP.

"Come, Birdie, nurse's waiting. Run now, and let her attend to your curls. You must look very neat, or Mr. Everett will not love you. It is almost dinner-time, and he will soon be here," said Birdie's mother.

Immediately the child got up, raised her green lips to kiss mamma, and followed the nurse from the room.

"It is perfectly wonderful how much influence Mr. Everett has over that child! Just tell her to do anything and say it will please him and that is enough. I never saw anything like it," the little lady said, turning to a friend sitting beside her, who answered:

"I have, and I would not encourage, or rather I would endeavor to overcome that influence."

"Now, my dear Ada, what is troubling that wise head of yours? What means that grave look and anxious light in your eyes?"

"Nellie Hayden, I'm perfectly astonished at people whose duty it is to watch over and guard their little ones, particularly their girls, from sorrows, planting in their young hearts seeds that may grow to be thorns and i treating children as though they were void of any deeper thought and feeling than the appreciation of a doll or box of toys."

"I am sure some children of five years have hearts that love as devotedly and suffer as keenly as many of mature years. You are shaking your head. I want to tell you a little story to prove my assertion. We have half an hour before dinner."

"Yes, certainly; but it must have a happy ending," answered Mrs. Hayden.

"I cannot promise; perhaps the end has not yet come. You know Dora Peyton?"

"I do, certainly. A lovelier girl I never knew. Why she has never married has been a source of wonderment to me."

"Aye, and to many who know her not so well as I. It is of her I am going to tell."

"Twenty-five years ago, when just at the age of your Birdie, and just as loving, too, a young man crossed her path. We will call him Abner Lynton."

"He was a classmate and the dearest friend of Dora's brother."

"At a party given during the Christmas holidays by Mrs. Peyton, Abner, to pique one of the girls, attached himself for the evening to little Dora, dancing with her, promading through the rooms with her tiny hands clasped in his, much to the annoyance of many bright-eyed lassies, who really were envious of the baby-girl."

"Abner was very handsome and very fascinating, a universal favorite with the ladies, young and old."

"Several mamma's endeavored to draw him away from his 'little love,' as he called her, and maneuvered to get her from him."

"But all in vain, until wearily the sunny head drooped, and with her arms around his neck, her sweet lips giving the good night kiss, she sank to sleep."

"Gently then he resigned her to her nurse's care."

"Every day from that time he came to the house. His home was quite near."

"At the sound of his voice Dora sprang forward with outstretched arms to meet him. I have seen her sit with her hand in his, looking up into his face for an hour, seeming perfectly happy."

"Of course, this was noticed by the family and commented upon."

"The child's older sisters and brothers could win her even to do their will by saying:

"I'll tell Mr. Lynton if you don't, and he won't love you then."

"Daily she gathered a little bouquet for him, and when the autumn days came and the flowers were few, the little love would watch closely the slowly-opening buds lest some one else should get them."

"So the days passed by for two years, and then, for a time she was separated from the one she had grown to love so dearly."

"Better than a brother? they would sometimes ask her."

"Yes," would come the whispered answer, quickly.

"Better than sister?"

"Yes," without hesitation, again the whisper came.

"Than father and mother?"

"And then the deep blue eyes giving grow so earnest, and the pretty lips would part and close again, as if unwilling to utter the words she feared might wound."

"When pressed to answer, her eyes sought mamma, then papa, as if imploring their forgiveness, and 'I can't help it; just a little bit more,' she murmured, and buried her head in Abner's bosom."

"She clung around his neck and begged to go with him when the hour of parting came. With promises a speedy return he managed to soothe her."

"Perhaps the child might have, in time, been weaned from this strange attachment, if they had ceased to talk to her of him."

"But, possessing as it were, a magic wand to guide her actions, they used it freely."

"How well I remember, as she stood eagerly watching the postman as he came from door to door."

"As nearer he drew, she became so excited and anxious that my heart trembled lest she should be disappointed."

"But the letter came, and with a wild cry of joy, she pressed it to her bosom, and ran with it for mamma to read."

write; for him, she would grow brave, and with his hand holding her, she had her first teeth drawn. When ill with fever, toiling restlessly from side to side, his hand could always quiet, his voice soothe.

"Without murmur she would take from him the nauseous doses."

"How will all this end?" I asked her mother once; and lightly she replied:

"Oh, all right, of course. She will learn to love some one nearer her own age when the proper time comes, and he will be married long before then. He has a distant cousin, who I am inclined to think, he is engaged to. I am sure their parents are anxious for their union."

"As Dora grew older a little shyness crept gradually into her manner."

"Still the love was there."

"Once, in a moment of confidence, she came to me and asked—

"Do you believe Mr. Abner loves Katie May better than he loves me?" Frank says he does. That he staid by her all the time at the party last night. I wish I was old enough to go to parties; and I wish—indeed I do—

"What, Dora? I asked, as she hesitated.

"I wish Katie May didn't live in this world—indeed I do, nodding her head decidedly, while striving to force back the tears."

"Oh! oh! Dora. This is dreadful. I said, drawing her within my arms."

"Well, then, I wish Mr. Abner and I lived somewhere else, where Katie May wouldn't come," she sobbed.

"I assured her that Abner did not love Katie May, that Frank was only teasing her."

"When she was ten years old, Abner was called suddenly away by the severe illness of his nearest relative, an uncle."

"There was only time for a hasty good-bye."

"Don't let anybody win your heart from my little love. Make haste to grow fast and be a tall girl against I come back," he said, kissing her.

"His going was so sudden, she did not seem to realize it."

"I was glad it was so."

"But now I pitied the little thing, when, day after day, as she had done for years, she sat, and watched."

"Maybe he might come," she said once to me.

"Letters came often to Frank, with messages of love for her."

"Sometimes, a little note accompanying a gift, to her."

"Food enough to keep her loving little heart from suffering, he gave; and fuel enough to keep the love brightly burning."

"But he came not, nor promised of his coming."

"Time passed on; the pretty child grew to be a beautiful maiden."

"Youths gathered about her, and friends had ceased to talk of Abner."

"Other names were mentioned as his had been, yet none could win an answering smile or blush."

"I knew for whom her love she kept."

"The waiting, yearning look in her eyes grew sadder at last, and a joyous light broke forth."

"Abner was coming back."

"A letter to Frank brought the glad tidings."

"He wrote:

"I've a secret to tell you, dear boy. But, no, I'll keep it for a surprise, in which you will rejoice, for my sake, I am sure. In a few days I shall be with you."

"Again, as in her baby days, Dora began her watching."

"Oh, I know her heart was singing a joyous song, though the sweet lips gave forth no sound."

"She stood in the porch, waiting his coming. Clothed in fleecy white, roses in her hair, and roses on her cheeks."

"Dora!"

"Frank came towards her."

"The boy's face had lost its usual look of merriment—his voice its careless tone."

"Dora, Abner came by the train awhile ago; he paused, darting an anxious, searching glance at his sister's face, and he was not alone. I'll not let him surprise you, little sis. I've hurried home to tell you his wife is with him."

"The light went out of eye and heart."

"The young face and whiter than the dress she wore, she put forth her hand to grasp the balustrade."

"Frank sprang forward to catch her fainting form."

"Like a broken lily, he bore her in."

"When Abner came, she knew it not."

"For many days her gentle spirit hovered between the shores."

THE SUNKEN CITY.

THE LOCKED OF THE JUDYER III.

Among the commercial sea-towns of Holland, six centuries ago, Stavoren held the first place. The ships of its merchants covered the sea, and imported the productions of all zones. Such an extensive commerce raised the wealth of this town to a hitherto unknown extent. It is true that there were here, as elsewhere, many poor; but the wealthy vastly outnumbered them. High life, luxury and magnificence, the usual companions of great riches, prevailed; for in foolish pride and ruinous race, each citizen tried to outvie the other in pomp, splendor and extravagant banquets. Tradition relates that there were many houses which equaled palaces in their grandeur. They were constructed of marble, the interiors ornamented with the most artistic decorations, covered with the richest tapestries, provided with the richest furniture, the doors bound with the most precious metals, instead of iron, or brass.

But of all the Stavoren merchants none could compare in riches with the virgin Richberta. The success with which each of her speculations was rewarded, from not seldom with unexpected profits, seemed to show to her to what degree fortune could lavish her gifts on a mortal, and how long allow her favors to be enjoyed.

The commercial fleet of the virgin merchant visited the remotest seas, and not only returned each time with the richest profits, but loaded with the most expensive wares, with ornaments of diamonds, pearls and precious stones, which were employed in the palace of their mistress and shone on its walls.

Such unexampled good fortune Richberta could not support with indifference; and if the maxim that "great misfortunes are easier to be borne than immediate happiness," be true, Richberta was destined to be a glaring proof of the truth of this assertion.

Her pride and vain glory kept step with the increase of her riches; and she showed this both by contempt for her fellow-creatures and by preparing the most luxurious and extravagant feasts, less with the intention of amusing and gladdening the town, than to give her guests the opportunity to admire the ever-changing splendor of her apartments, and to be astonished at the foreign and costly food and wine, and thus excite their envy. At one of these senseless repasts, offering nothing to the mind and leaving the heart void, a strange guest was announced. He came, he said, from foreign countries; had seen many royal kingdoms and the splendor of their courts, and had come to admire Richberta's riches, which fame reported to be marvellous.

The flattered mistress begged the stranger to take a seat at her side. He appeared to be still a robust old man, in the picturesque costume of the Orient. His conduct was both dignified and noble as he stepped to Richberta, expecting the welcome from her hand, which, according to the usage of his country, is given symbolically, the offering of bread and salt. But there was no bread on the luxurious table, which groined under its burden of rare, epicurean dishes, and from which the simple and wholesome nourishment of poverty was banished.

Silently the stranger seated himself, and while taking refreshment, related, in a manner which bound all eyes and ears upon him, of his travels by land and water, of foreign nations and their customs. Every guest was entranced with his words; but not so the virgin Richberta. Her vanity could expect nothing else than that the stranger should be loud in his praises of her riches, the brilliancy of her feast, and would make comparisons giving fresh nourishment to her pride. To these subjects, however, he made no allusion; till finally, driven to desperation, she demanded of him himself, when he confessed that only with kings had he found such splendor and extravagance, and what made it more singular to him was, that he should miss here the best and noblest thing that the whole world produced.

In vain did she attempt to obtain a fuller explanation of the strange guest; and being questioned too pressingly, he disappeared, and was not seen again.

Richberta's pride and curiosity, equally excited, allowed her no quietude. She possessed in valuables all that could be mentioned; however, "the best and noblest thing" was wanting! She consulted scholars and philosophers, sent for magicians and astrologers, but none knew how to name that thing which for years she had not possessed.

In her heart a cruel paper pattern of the latest style of noose, jacket, waist, or pattern of any thing for ladies wear. Send stamp for Myatt's Ladies' Fashion Journal (sent free). Address: Thomas W. MYATT, 27 East Fourteenth st., New York City.

July 1st 1881

By sending me ten (10) cents, I will send you a cut paper pattern of the latest style of noose, jacket, waist, or pattern of any thing for ladies wear. Send stamp for Myatt's Ladies' Fashion Journal (sent free). Address: Thomas W. MYATT, 27 East Fourteenth st., New York City.

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THE BOUDOIR
WITH A BUREAU

(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editor," SATURDAY EVENING POST.)

"They say" that the rage for simplicity is on the increase, at least in Paris. We must own that the symptoms are not very decided here. There is, however, less of the fantastic or bizarre to be seen in toilets than has been the case for some time. With the last review of the numerous "Boston Tea Parties," so popular in the early spring, are dying out the fancies for Martha Washington, and other "76" costumes. In fact, our fair belles found that the effect of such were considerably lost, when worn over the scant petticoats of this period—for, say as they will, the reign of crinoline is over—for a time, at least. Nothing approaching to it is seen in the cream de la creme, but a short and modestly proportioned bustle. This last is absolutely necessary for persons of a tall and slender frame.

A comfortable report reaches us from over the water of the revival of black alpaca suits for walking costume. Of course, for this season, it must be of the lightest and silkiest brand. We noticed one, which had been seen in a late order from Paris, made in the following style: The skirt was short enough to reveal the legs in front, though not as short as the walking dresses of two or three years back. Behind it was slightly trailing. The trimming of the skirt was peculiar, all being confined to the front. Broadly, the three front widths were covered as far as the knee, by alternate rows of folds and knife-edged pleatings, arranged in curves. The overskirt was simply a large apron, trimmed as the skirt, and looped in folds under the arm, ending at the back in a large double bow of the material. The waist was a short, loose, double-breasted sacque, fitting slightly into the figure at the neck, trimmed with folds, and oxidized buttons, and a small hood of the baschlik shape, so popular a few years ago. Rows of black fall-ribbon were placed down the back, and the skirt was finished with a row of black fall-ribbon.

White muslin still retains its deserved popularity for dresses for evening wear, and also for trimming the flounces and overskirts of light summer silks. When used for this latter purpose, a flounce of the muslin, or sleeveless jacket, made and worn in complete the toilet. Sometimes aprons are made of the silk or French muslin, very elaborately trimmed with lace and embroidery, and, with the flounce or sleeveless jacket, form a very pretty overdress.

A very stylish and new way of trimming underskirts is described in this manner: A flounce, six inches in depth in front, is placed on, in pleats. Over in a cluster, and a space equal in width to the cluster intervenes. The flounce widens on each side of the front breadth to a depth of twelve inches, then it decreases as it approaches the back, so that it reaches the same depth as that of the front. Above this flounce are three small gathered ones, then three ruffles. An apron overskirt and basque waist complete the suit.

There is a marked difference in the dress of young girls of fourteen, and thereabouts, in France, and of those of a like age in this country. Here, you will find the daughter, just entering her teens, a model—less in size, but not in multiplicity of ornamentation—of her mamma. If mamma's dress is a series of folds, flounces, embroidery, and what not, so must be the daughter's. Not so abroad. The severest simplicity marks the costumes of the "rosebuds" there, in the first stages of unfolding. Plain skirts, or, if trimmed at all, only with folds and bands, or perhaps one modest flounce.

We must confess to an admiration of French taste in this particular, even while we cannot cordially endorse it in other matters. Dress, certainly, has marked effect in influencing manner, especially in very young people; and the charming simplicity and plainness of the gait of the French maiden doubtless assists in producing that artless coquetry, and freedom from affectation, which is said to be so pre-eminently the charm of her manner. We must, however, take into consideration the fact, also, that French girls in their teens are never in society, at least, before seventeen or eighteen, and then feebly hedged in and guarded by innumerable prejudices—*"les convenances"*—while two-thirds of our American society is composed of these half-open buds.

We saw lovely suits for the little maidens of from five or six, the other day. Some were from Berlin, and others from Paris. All were made to wear with dainty little under-waists, high-necked, of soft finish Nainsook. One of these latter was made with alternate clusters of tucks, three in number, the eighth of an inch in width, and bands of Valenciennes inserting. A standing ruche of the Valenciennes lace edged the neck, and a pleating of the same finished the sleeves. The dresses were all made with the peasant-body, very short and low in the neck, with embroidered or braided straps—as might be the skirt trimming—going over the shoulders in place of sleeves. The skirt—the lower one—was trimmed with pieces of wide brocade Anglaise, set in the breadths and braided around, or, for more explicit, in braided line surrounded these pieces. The dainty little overskirts were, for the most part, cut of a piece with the little peasant waist, and were finished with lace of embroidery back and front, and the cunning little anouiere pocket, of the material, braided and embroidered. The material of the dress just described was fine corded pique. A wide band of blue green grain, and a Lighthouse flat, with broad trim, and a wreath of wild roses encircling the low crown, accompanied this little costume. Imagine the sweet little blossom who wore it, with her sound, rosy face, peeping out from under the flat, and her golden hair floating over her plump, white shoulders—she could only be named "Mamie."

To return to items for grown people, we noticed among the models, a skirt of tulle, with a wide, overlapping each other, the whole finished with an elaborate border of the same, handsomely decorated with a wide band of the same material.

For evening wear and traveling, the skirts and coats of colored tulle—Orléans, for instance, are just the thing. Open-bottomed, too, with a wide band of the same material, and a wide band of the same material, and a wide band of the same material.

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Next time we expect to have certain very interesting items to chronicle—something quite new in the fashionable world.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Miss M. H.—The blue or steel embroidery referred to in the fashion gossip is being much worn. You were quite safe in purchasing the polonaise; you can wear it late in the season.

Mrs. A. M.—The "Fall opening," as it is termed, does not take place before September or October, even, when all the world has come back from the watering-places and summer trips generally.

ESTABLISHED—Yes; the warm salt baths at Atlantic City are all they are represented to be, and are considered highly beneficial. You could spend the month of August there, as your physician has advised, and find it very agreeable, we are sure. Hope your recovery may be rapid and complete, it is so sad to be ill.

Witow.—Thanks for your kind letter. No, it is not considered "the thing," for a lady to wear either white or a bridal veil at the ceremony of her second marriage. A pearl-colored or sea-rose shade of silk would be more appropriate, unless you choose to marry in traveling costume. Will be most happy to receive your order for shipping.

LOTTIE R. is in great tribulation because her eyebrows meet. Poor child! may you never have anything more distressing to mar your happiness. Certainly you can pluck out, with much necessary suffering, we think, that objectionable little arch of hair that crosses your pretty little nose, but we can tell you of no remedy that will prevent its growing back again and again. Better let it alone, and console yourself with the idea that in former days it was considered very lucky.

MOTHER wishes to know how to make little Anne's hair curl without the use of irons, as she is afraid the latter will burn the hair and injure it. We think you are very wise to avoid the use of irons. We do not know of any method besides putting up the hair in papers, which, however, is such an affliction to an active, restless little creature, it does seem a pity to torture the child. Why not let her wear it crepe and flowing? That could easily be managed, by plaiting tightly at night, in small braids, first dampening the hair.

And now, as ever for the present,
NIXON.

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT.

AMONG THE VAMPIRES.

BY CAPTAIN CARRER.

A convict ship was hourly expected to arrive, and some arrangements in regard to the disposal of the criminals having occurred, Lieutenant L. B. Baxter and myself were ordered to carry dispatches from our post to Station B, farther back on the coast.

We started off in excellent spirits, and had all our route laid thus in company, we should have enjoyed ourselves much. The ascent was flourishing through their magnificent foliage; the gum-trees waved their narrow, rubber-like leaves in the playful breeze, and uncertain scents of maul-wood saluted our delighted nostrils. But we could not forget that after a time these beautiful pictures, done in nature's best water-colors, would give place to sterile plains and the low, dangerous "bush" districts.

When we should reach a certain point, marked by the debris of an old stockade, I was to go southward through a piece of still more dangerous country, while Baxter, swinging northwesterly, would find a more open, but equally hazardous, route.

By the middle of the afternoon, however, we expected to make a connection at Station B, and from thence return to our post in company. The horses which we rode were bred from the untamed steeds of the Lone Continent, and were possessed of clean, small limbs and an amount of viciousness and wind that would astonish nine-tenths of mankind. So, having an early start, we expected to do the eighty odd miles, out and back, and hardly be late at roll-call at bed-time.

The prescribed place we turned our animals in opposite directions, without a hope of enjoying ourselves further on the journey.

I arrived in due season at the station, found Colonel P. K. Howe off on official business, and awaited his return with impatience, as my directions were to place the papers in his hands only, instead of trusting to a subaltern.

I saw lovely suits for the little maidens of from five or six, the other day. Some were from Berlin, and others from Paris. All were made to wear with dainty little under-waists, high-necked, of soft finish Nainsook. One of these latter was made with alternate clusters of tucks, three in number, the eighth of an inch in width, and bands of Valenciennes inserting. A standing ruche of the Valenciennes lace edged the neck, and a pleating of the same finished the sleeves. The dresses were all made with the peasant-body, very short and low in the neck, with embroidered or braided straps—as might be the skirt trimming—going over the shoulders in place of sleeves. The skirt—the lower one—was trimmed with pieces of wide brocade Anglaise, set in the breadths and braided around, or, for more explicit, in braided line surrounded these pieces. The dainty little overskirts were, for the most part, cut of a piece with the little peasant waist, and were finished with lace of embroidery back and front, and the cunning little anouiere pocket, of the material, braided and embroidered. The material of the dress just described was fine corded pique. A wide band of blue green grain, and a Lighthouse flat, with broad trim, and a wreath of wild roses encircling the low crown, accompanied this little costume. Imagine the sweet little blossom who wore it, with her sound, rosy face, peeping out from under the flat, and her golden hair floating over her plump, white shoulders—she could only be named "Mamie."

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I spurred rapidly along in the edge of the woodland, leaping logs and pitfalls, heading my course towards a fork or small tributary of the Murray River, the rocky and cavernous sides of which, I argued, might afford me a secure hiding-place. Thinking, as I arrived near the cave, that I would now be safe on foot, as I clearly imagined that I could hear the rumble of the oncoming robbers, I cast my horse loose, and scrambled down the rugged wall of the gorge. My keen, anxious-glances soon discovered a black opening to one of those rocky fissures or caverns that abound in these localities, and, without a moment's thought or hesitation, I began crawling in, for, since I had not the sound of my own horse's feet or his my hearing, the echo of a squad of fierce riders was plainly audible.

The cavern proved to be of untold dimensions inside, for no sooner was I through the slit-like opening, than I found room enough and to spare—but Plutonian darkness reigned within. It was some time in hiding, for, in less than ten minutes' time, I could feel the far occasion I by the north gale. They passed off to the northward, but I dared not emerge, as other parties might be near, and I might as well content myself for the night in my cool bed room. I cautiously drew back a few feet—maybe some yards—from the mouth of the cave, and taking my knapsack for a cushion to keep me off the damp, sticky bottom, I prepared to make myself comfortable.

But a few moments passed ere a strange sensation stole over me. Something was moving between me and the mouth of the cave.

Had I unwittingly entered the domain of some of those long-haired, ferocious, cannibal natives? The blood chilled in my veins at the thought. The idea of entering the lair of a wild beast was preferable to this trapping, odd moment at the opening. I could not, by the most intense listening, detect any other sound than the beating of my own excited heart. Once afterwards I felt the puff, puff against my face, such as is often noticed when anybody passes you swiftly, or when one breathes against your cheek. Then, directly, strange, creeping, dragging noises in the rear of the cave, and to my increasing horror, I could make out a chattering and grating, as of teeth gnashing together. At such moments every sense which a fellow possesses combines to play him tricks, and in a few seconds it seemed to me that teeth were champing and snapping around, above and beneath me, combined with a strange gurgling.

I believe that it is considered very unmanly to own to any weakness, but I will make the venture, and assert that a dizzy faintness began to steal over me as I fancied the odious sounds to be near my place of repose. There was nothing for it but to make a dash outdoors. A dozen bushmen outside were preferable to this demon horde of the darkness.

Carefully gathering myself for a spring, I cleared the space between me and the opening, and I am confident that a leech could hardly get through the neck of a bottle with more rapidity than I squeezed out of the aperture. I instantly faced about, revolver in hand, covering the cavernous outlet. No sound of pursuit disturbed me. I scrambled up the bank and gave out a chirruping whistle which brought up my steed. Just then a wild, clear shout from the north pierced my brain.

I vaulted into the saddle, on the instant recognizing Lieutenant Baxter's voice. Touching my horse with the spur we cleared the cover of the woods, and tore along a path in the "bush" with mad-dened speed. Another clear, invincible halloo directed my course still northward. "If it be outlaws!" I mentally aspirated, as I rose in my stirrups to answer the appeal, feeling it infinitely better to face firebrands than the infernal booming of the natives; and again I called back halloo. The reply was a volley of pistol shots, and I instantly decided that I could detect the voice of Baxter's Derringers.

While I had been hidden in the bowels of the earth, the moon had raised her shield in the east, and a blotched and checkered light lay over the ground.

Provisionally only a small party of six ruffians held Baxter at bay; as fortunately he had not been wounded when I reentered the cavern, I drove him with the point of our position, we fought with the fury of madmen. The leader fell dead from his saddle, two or three others, desperately wounded, motioned retreat.

Then Baxter and myself swung north-easterly, curving our course like a bow, until we struck upon the wagon trail leading down to our post. Our beasts, during the short, wild waltz of the brief night, had forgotten many a warning which they might have felt, and stretched out their slim, gutta-percha bodies, their pace became snoring, if reckless. We were within hearing of sunrise "taps" at our post in proper time.

At day dawn Baxter found that his right boot was pressed down, running over full of blood from a wound in the thigh, and the muscle of my left arm, at the elbow, had been tattooed, or tattooed, with two pistol balls.

"What about those noises in the cave?" I asked him that morning; "were they spirit visitations? Without them I should not have been driven outside, and so could not have heard your shout for help."

"You had only twenty-five minutes the start of me, and your wider and longer southern sweep, I argued, must have kept you within possible hearing distance."

"But the weird sounds," I persisted. "Vampires, vampires," he returned, conclusively; "came near once doing my tresses up in gray near that very source, but wait until this artery in my thigh stops its trip-hammer performance, and I will tell you about it."

HAVE the courage to give, occasionally, that which you can ill afford to spare, giving what you do not want or value, neither brings nor deserves thanks in return; who is grateful for a drink of water from another's overflowing well, however delicious the draught? Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

MANY who tell us how much they despise riches and preferment, mean undoubtedly the riches and preferment of other men.

Two wound of conscience is no scar; time cures it not with his wing, but merely keeps it open with his acryle.

ONLY.

BY F. R.

Only a gentle pressure, love,
Of your arm within my own;
Only a loving look or two,
As we strolled in the fields alone;
Only a yearning kiss, love,
That rose from the heart of each;
Only an eloquent silence;
Our hearts too full for speech.

Only a few short words, love,
When I knew my heart was thine;
Only a modest "yes," love,
And I knew that I had won mine;
Only a year or two, love,
Till the time when we may wed;
Only a bliss, love,
Till we both are dead.

A MYSTERY.

AN UNROMANTIC EXPLANATION.

BY HENR THORNTON.

It was in the days of the Planchette excitement. We had been reading planchette and talking planchette, till we had quite a belief that supernatural was revived. To be sure the little machine was a very contradictory, absurd and unreliable medium for spiritual communications, but under the manipulations of one of our number some very strange and startling answers were returned. Planchette had nothing to do with what afterwards occurred, except to prepare our minds to believe that genuine ghostly manifestations had been made.

We lived in a great old farm-mansion—a vast and venerable house for the country—having a history, and dating the period of its erection away back to ante-revolutionary days.

Before we moved there we were told it was haunted—a ghost making an occasional appearance at one of the western windows, where it had been seen by several well-to-do, credulous persons—but after ten years' residence in the place, we were forced to conclude, nothing of the supernatural having been witnessed, that there was no use in expecting it. This was rather a disappointment to me for I like a haunted house, and I feared ours would have to lose its reputation in that line.

It was the month of September, 1868—We had been, I have said, amusing and confusing ourselves with what was at the time, and I confess to me is still, a mystery.

At the usual hour we all retired, and silence filled the house. The night was still and soft, as September nights often are, the great white harvest moon flooding the silent earth with its lovely light. The air was just in that condition most favorable for conveying sounds.

Suddenly, near midnight, several of us were awakened by a loud jarring noise, as if one of the outer doors had been violently struck and had vibrated under the blow. It was but once given, and then all was silent again. Hardly knowing whether it was a dream or reality, I raised my head from the pillow, listened, and then concluding it was nothing, fell back and slept soundly till morning.

Others of the family, hearing the noise, acted as I had done; no one arising to ascertain the cause of the strange sound, because they were not sure that it was not an imagined demonstration.

At the breakfast-table next morning were mutual inquiries as to whether any unusual noise had been heard during the night. To the confirmation of each other's statements it was answered, that a strange noise had been made, though few could say where it came from, and that it should be sure it had not been to each a dream.

The next night, near the same hour, a similar alarm was heard.

"Who's there?" was demanded, thinking some one had knocked. No answer was given, and two or three of us arose and hastened down stairs. Nothing wrong there; nobody to be seen. The dog, which would certainly have barked or growled had any person been about, stretched himself, as if he had just awakened from a canine dream, and looked as if he thought it early for us to rise. We went around the house, but, finding nothing, soon retired to slumber.

In the morning various surmises were indulged in as to the nature of the disturbance. It was acknowledged by all to be very mysterious.

"My old ghost is coming back," thought I, rather pleased than otherwise, at a long list of literary curiosities: Catalogue—Just as a clue. Astronomer—No more start. Matrimony—Into my arms. Penitentiary—May I repeat—Presbyterian—Best in prayer. Sweetheart—There we sat. Telegraph—Great things.

Let us—Sound common sense will carry you successfully through life and through society, even if your education and manners have been somewhat neglected. Always think twice before speaking; care as much for the feelings of others as you do for your own; and do nothing and say nothing to anybody which you would not be willing to have done said to you, and you will pass along through society without making any blunder sufficient "to feel bad over."

Sure enough, about midnight, the jarring noise again woke us from our sleep. "Well, that's provoking," we again hurried down the stairs, and there was no more to be obtained in explanation of the mystery than on the previous night. The dog was there as before, having just arisen from the doorway which he seemed to prefer for his resting place. The spot where he had lain was warm. We went back to bed, after a thorough examination of the premises, more perplexed than ever.

If we are to be disturbed every night in this manner, I thought, "perhaps it won't be so pleasant to have a ghost about after all."

Before the evening of the next day, some of us having set our wits to work in the matter, a satisfactory solution of the mystery was arrived at. I would rather not be required to give the explanation, as such bathos (I hope the types won't make the word pathos, for it isn't pathetic—this explanation); but as you will all expect it after reading this far, and especially from the title of my sketch, I suppose I must not disappoint you.

"Well," said my brother, about noon of the third day, after the most distracting thought on the subject, "I think I can explain the cause of this repeated alarm."

"Oh! you horrid fellow!" we cried, indignantly, "to make such a shameful explanation as that!"

Yet it was undoubtedly the truth; though why that dog, never having done so before, should make that alarming noise just when our minds were most prepared for faith in the supernatural, is unexplainable to me. It is the worst case of total depravity I ever knew of. It took us some time to get down from our lofty conceptions concerning the man, to the miserable fact, but we were forced to at last.



CORRESPONDENTS
It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particularly interesting communications, contributors and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in accordance with the views of the contributors.

All communications must be addressed to H. J. C. ALLEN, Editor and Proprietor, SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to the order of the editor, and will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected Manuscripts will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy ink.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

January.—The Fourth of July will fall upon a Sunday for the remainder of this century: 1825, 1880, 1890 and 1907.

A. P. M.—It is against our rules to give the address of any of our contributors to the editor, or to the care of the editor, the letter will be sent to the editor, and the editor will be held responsible for its delivery.

UNDAUNTED.—If you have the wherewithal to support a wife, a good trade and a certain amount of money, you may as well marry at once. Marriage makes you mean steady. It is not too early to marry at twenty-two.

C. L. (Camden).—When we said that it was the rule of etiquette, in introducing a gentleman and a lady that the gentleman should invariably be introduced to the lady, we, of course, meant that he should be named first. We hope you understand it now.

MAY.—In making presents the tastes of the receiver should always be considered, and also the taste of the giver. In giving a present, the giver should consider the receiver's taste as well as his own. In your case, some article such as a book, or a cigar case will be sufficient to mark friendship.

A. P. W.—We will take your very kind suggestions into consideration, but you must bear in mind that "many men have many minds," and that what suits one does not suit another. We endeavor to make all the departments of our paper as interesting to all our readers as we possibly can.

ALABAMA.—We have been trying to remember the names of the creators by which losses were sustained, and for which claims were filed by our government against Great Britain, but we have not been able to do so. The losses were: Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, and the District of Columbia.

GERMAN READER.—The simplest rule for reducing the foreign money you mention to dollars, is as follows: France to dollars, divide by five; Germany to dollars, multiply by three and divide by four; Austria to dollars, divide by two; Russia to dollars, divide by two. This method you will get the amount in round numbers, and accurate enough for all practical purposes.

T. W. H.—Why are the terms "Rock and Husk" sometimes applied to dramatic performers? The Husk is a high-heeled boot used by the Roman and Greek actors, to give elevation to the stature. Husk is used as a metaphorical term to the rock (accus), the flat-soled shoe worn by comedians; hence both terms came to be used together to express the tragic and comic drama.

MATTIE.—You say you have two lovers, and you don't know which of them you love the best, and you want to help you out of your trouble. Our advice is to let them both go; if you cannot decide for yourself on such an important matter and cannot make up your mind which of the two you "love" the most, take our word for it, you do not love either. To use the word "love" is a mockery and a farce.

H. A. H. (C.).—Dog-days, among the ancients, were called because they nearly corresponded with those in which the dog-star rose at the same time with the sun. To this circumstance, we add the fact that the dog-star, Sirius, is the hottest of the stars, and hence the intensity of the heat at this period in summer. Modern almanac-makers reckon the dog-days from July 23 to August 11th.

PRESENT.—You ask "what is an Anagram, never having heard of the word before, and seeing it in your Sphinxinical word." An Anagram is a word or sentence. Here are a few Anagrams which we pick out from a long list of literary curiosities: Catalogue—Just as a clue. Astronomer—No more start. Matrimony—Into my arms. Penitentiary—May I repeat—Presbyterian—Best in prayer. Sweetheart—There we sat. Telegraph—Great things.

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Tom.—We think, with your friends, that if you want to go to some college or academy, there is no necessity in the world for your going all the way to Canada in order to find a suitable institution of that kind. We do not wish to draw any irrelevant comparisons between our academies and those in Canada, but we think you had better be advised by your friends on this point as well as the selection of a good school, a matter on which, for obvious reasons, we could not undertake to advise you.

SARAH JANE.—Your case, as you have stated it to us, seems a very hard one, but still we cannot conscientiously take it upon ourselves to advise you to act in opposition to the known wishes of your parents. You should not have accepted the young man's proposal without consulting your father or mother, unless you had reached the years of discretion, which is most cases, where love is in question, never arrives. It is such a serious matter, however, to advise you what you should do in such a case, if you are of legal age, that all we can say is, that you should weigh the subject well before you decide upon going against the wishes of your parents in matrimony.

P. M. R.—We suspect from what little you tell us, that the quarrel was purposely brought about by you in order to drive your lover to the proposition point. Of course, we do not expect you to admit such a thing, but, however, we are of the opinion that your lover is a very good fellow, and that you are a very good girl, and that you are a very good wife, and that you are a very good mother, and that you are a very good daughter, and that you are a very good sister, and that you are a very good friend, and that you are a very good neighbor, and that you are a very good citizen, and that you are a very good woman, and that you are a very good person, and that you are a very good creature, and that you are a very good thing, and that you are a very good person, and that you are a very good creature, and that you are a very good thing, and that you are a very good person, and that you are a very good creature, and that you are a very good thing, and that you are a very good person, and that you are a very good creature, and that you are a very good thing, and that you are a very good person, and that you are a very good creature, and that you are a